LIBRARY
EASTERN MICHIGAN COLLEGE
YPSILANTI

THE NEW
STATESMAN AND NATION
The Week-end Review

MAR 19 1957

Vol. LIII. No. 1355 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1957 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

Contents

COMMENTS ON THE WEEK'S NEWS . . Page 262
THE "IMPERTINENCE" OF JENNIE LEE. By G. D. H. Cole 265
VOTE FOR BLARNEY. By Claud Cockburn . 266
LONDON DIARY. By C. P. Snow . . . 266
GHANA: THE NEXT ACT. By Reginald Reynolds 267
THIS ENGLAND 268
FASCISM IN THE NAME OF JESUS. By Kingsley Martin 268
LADY MEGAN AT THE HUSTINGS (with a caricature by VICKY). By W. John Morgan . . 270
FLEET STREET NOTEBOOK. By Francis Williams 271
PRESS DAY AT LORD'S. By J. P. W. Mallalieu 272

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:

Simplicissimus. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 274

THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* *Page*

The Primitive Cottage Feeling. By John Golding 274
A Hateful Play. By T. C. Worsley . . 275
Unfair to Humanists? By Tom Driberg . 276
Two Touches. By William Whitebait . 276
CORRESPONDENCE 277
From Jeanne MacKenzie; Thomas Fox-Pitt; Mohamed Sopiee; Anthony Barnett; F. R. Oliver; Sir Rupert Hay; M. A. Pamir; M. Cosmetatos; Donald Mitchell.

BOOKS IN GENERAL:

The Barbary Gibbon. By H. R. Trevor-Roper 280
SERENADE. By James Reeves 282

REVIEWS: *Page*

"Great Hatred, Little Room . . ." By G. S. Fraser 282
Toil and Trouble. By Angus Wilson . . 282
Mass Culture and Anarchy. By J. F. C. Harrison 283
Only an Idealist? By Barbara Castle . . 284
Excess and Measure. By Edwin Muir . . 284
The Marchantes Tale. By Richard Mayne 285
Victorian Records. By Asa Briggs . . 286
The Colonel Looks Back. By R. H. S. Crossman 286
WEEK-END COMPETITION 287
CITY LIGHTS. By Taurus 288
THE CHESS BOARD. By Assiac . . . 290
WEEK-END CROSSWORD. By Set-square . . 290

One Law for the Rich

"THE matters at issue between ourselves and our neighbours do not date from February 3, 1957 or November 2, 1956, or even from October in the same year. They extend back to the founding of the revived state of Israel." The words are Ben-Gurion's in the Knesset last week: the proposition they clothe is the foundation of Israel's case. The crisis which this week reaches its point of decision in the General Assembly arises not from a single act of war, but from a double aggression: that which Egypt has carried on against Israel unremittingly for almost nine years equally with Israel's recent invasion of Egypt.

The claim that Israel should withdraw from Sinai is valid—if the U.N. is ever to lay the foundations of a real supra-national system of law, it must be resolute in denying to the aggressor the fruits of aggression. But unless a parallel claim is lodged with equal firmness against Egypt a double standard is being applied which has no justification in either law or morality. No wonder Israel resists the application of such a singularly selective law, which would bear down on the smaller and less influential offender, while protecting the big crook with the powerful friends.

When Israel invaded Egypt last October, this journal condemned her action. We still do. Ben-Gurion was at that moment guilty of an inexcusable affront to the Charter of the U.N. Moreover, he opened the door for an act of sheer aggression by Britain and France which might have precipitated a third world war. It is to the credit of the U.N.—and especially of Canada and the U.S., who played the most constructive role—that it succeeded in stopping the fighting. But Israel's act, however misguided, was provoked. Egypt has, ever since the 1948 war, stood in open violation of both the armistice agreement with Israel and the U.N. Charter; and now that the emergency of last autumn is past, the U.N. must deal with both sides of the aggression, unless it is to condemn itself entirely as a moral force by accepting one standard of law for the rich and another for the poor.

As we go to press, effective sanctions against Israel seem improbable. Ben-Gurion, under almost intolerable pressure from both Russia and America, has somewhat modified his earlier intransigent attitude; and once again Mr. Lester Pearson of Canada has devised a constructive formula which may, by the time these words are read, have eased the extreme tension. But a compromise which does not face the real issues in not enough. On practical as well as on moral grounds, Israel's withdrawal must be accompanied by an end to Egyptian belligerence. The stationing of a U.N. force along the Israel-Egypt frontier will not suffice to end the *fedayeen* raids if Nasser chooses to continue them. It would deprive Israel of her only defence, the power of retaliation. Unless the U.N. is now equally ruthless in forcing Egypt to abandon its one-sided and illegal state of war with Israel, the situation may become more dangerous than before. For Israel may have to choose between standing helpless while her citizens are killed and her property destroyed, or retaliating—not against the secret invader, but against the U.N. frontier force.

Is it conceivable that the great powers would allow this to happen? Israel can count on neither sympathy nor justice from the Soviet Union. But the U.S.? There are many people in the administration—and outside the oil lobby—to whom, an anti-Soviet alliance with Nasser and Saud is more attractive than the pioneering Socialism of Israel; and it is their influence which has distorted the President's genuine desire to support the U.N. into the application of separate rules to Egypt and to Israel.

Britain (and above all the Labour Party, whose hands are clean of last autumn's aggression) must have no hesitation in declaring her position. As much as any nation in the world we need the U.N. to become an instrument of justice for the smaller nations and not just an agency for horse-trading by the great powers. We must be the first to reject the double standard of justice which the special interests of Russia, America—and even India—are seeking to impose upon the U.N.

Comments on the Week's News

"Reductions" or Disarmament?

Confusion still surrounds Britain's plans for defence cuts, but it is generally agreed that the principal one will be to reduce Rhine Army from 77,000 to 50,000, with a proportionate cut in the Army's tactical air force. The effect will be to cut the Army's establishment (though not necessarily its fire-power) from four to the equivalent of three divisions, while the present inflated divisional staffs will be reduced to skeleton size; air striking power will be maintained, or even increased, by equipping the Canberra squadrons with A-bombs. Under West European Union, Britain agreed to maintain her old establishment, "or whatever the Supreme Commander regards as equivalent fighting capacity," unless a majority of the other members agreed to reductions. Now it is quite clear that General Norstad does not regard the proposed new establishment as of "equivalent fighting capacity"; Britain is, therefore, obliged to argue her case with the other members, and such was the object of the London meeting this week. Britain has a strong case, both because she is on the verge of becoming a nuclear power—which makes her contribution out of all proportion to those of her European allies—and because her defence expenditure, as a proportion of national income, is as high as 9.3 per cent. (The others average 5.3 per cent.) She can also argue that the support-cost problem is still unsolved, and that it is unlikely that Germany will be willing to pay more than £40m. for the current year. On the other hand, Nato is only half-way to the original target of 30 divisions: there are 5 U.S., 4 U.K., 3 small Belgian, 1 Dutch, 1 small French, and Danish and Canadian groups of brigade strength. The withdrawal of what would amount to one British division would bring down the total of effective divisions to 9. Sooner or later, SHAPE's strategists will have to face the fact that they are unlikely ever to possess conventional forces large enough to balance Soviet striking power in East Germany. All the more reason, therefore, to work towards a disarmament agreement for conventional forces, which would leave the atomic equation as it is, but would allow west European countries to trim their defence spending without undue risk. The West has always refused to discuss seriously the Russian proposal, made on May 10, 1955, for a separate agreement on conventional arms; now, more than ever before, is the time to take it up, and the meeting of the U.N. disarmament sub-committee, scheduled for this month, provides an opportunity.

M. Mollet in Washington

The Mollet-Pineau visit to Washington has passed almost unnoticed in Britain and has received comparatively little attention even in America. Our Paris Correspondent informs us that, although there was no official agenda for the visit, M. Mollet's main object—apart from convincing French opinion that he is once more on good terms with the President—was to arouse greater American interest in the Sahara development projects, and in the European common market (with particular reference to Euratom). France is finding great difficulty in obtaining foreign risk capital for the exploitation of the Sahara's mineral resources, because of the uncertain political situation in the north. But the government is convinced that once the development schemes get under way, Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria will be obliged to accept *la présence française* in the region on a permanent basis. It is said in Paris that France has already proposed, unofficially, the creation of a Franco-American consortium, in which America would hold 49 per cent. of the shares. This idea was coolly received in Washington, and during his visit M. Mollet attempted to win some support for it, using as his principal argument that a United Europe—in which the Americans are keenly interested—is not a viable concept unless America is prepared to supply capital for African development. This does not cut much ice with the Americans, who can well retort that a precondition for foreign investment in the Sahara is a settlement in Algeria. The recent U.N. vote—though widely regarded as a French "victory"—was, in fact, a suspended sentence, and the onus is now on France to produce a quick solution. Merely to repeat—as M. Mollet did ten days ago—a call for a cease-fire on France's terms is not good enough, and this is doubtless the advice he received in Washington.

An Election and a Conception

Communal, Socialist and Communist parties have been equally condemned by Pandit Nehru in many of his election speeches. If there had been a really good opposition, he told one audience, he would have liked to fight it in the election arena. "If it had won, I would have gladly accepted its victory and congratulated it. But there is no such party." He has exposed the "hotch-potch business of alliances" made with all and sundry by the Communists and Socialists, sometimes with the Jan Sangh, sometimes with the Muslim League, often with groups which have nothing in common with Socialism and Marxism. This, of course, obscures the fact that his own party, the Congress, is an extraordinary umbrella affair, covering a wide array of people "from crypto-Communists to discreet capitalists" —as the *Hindu* described it. But it is Congress which has delivered the goods, and Nehru cannot be expected both to support his own party "and to give help for a struggling opposition on the side." Jayaprakash Narain has appealed to people to vote for opposition candidates on the ground that the most important issue before the voter is the absoluteness of Congress power which threatens democracy and good government. The Socialists and the Communists are both using the Kashmir issue to hit below Nehru's belt; while the Communists claim that Russia is India's only friend in the U.N., that Nehru has been deceived by "British treachery" and that India should immediately withdraw from the Commonwealth. No real opposition to India's policy in Kashmir exists, though there are differences of opinion on the way it has been handled in the U.N. It is only the Communists, whose loyalty in any event is to Moscow and Peking, who have used the Kashmir issue to stimulate anti-westernism.

Whilst this second general election in India shows how far the democratic idea has developed, with its acceptance of a free opposition, President Sukarno in Indonesia is trying to superimpose on a nationally elected parliament an advisory council with himself as its chairman. This would give advice to the Cabinet, whether requested to do so or not, and it would do away with the opposition. Only the Communists who would receive seats in Sukarno's advisory council and his own favoured party—the P.N.I.—support what is known as the President's "conception." By no means a Communist, Dr. Sukarno is still very anti-western and his recent visit to China made him envious of a president who was not embarrassed by an opposition.

Delay for the Doctors

The government's erratic treatment of the doctors' pay claim is an astonishing study in how not to conduct public relations. In the first place, the Minister of Health turned the claim down out of hand as impractical "at present." On February 20 Lord Salisbury told the House of Lords that no increase of any kind, not even an interim one, could be granted save to junior medical and dental staff in hospitals. Against this background the government's announcement last week that it was to set up a Royal Commission to examine the claim was rightly resented by doctors as a piece of political cowardice and procrastination. Their outcry has inspired a hurried intervention by the Prime Minister himself to assure the B.M.A.'s negotiating commitee that "the work of the Royal Commission would not preclude some interim adjustment." The government's position is now, therefore, more confused than ever. Does it reject the Spens formula which, as elaborated by the Danckwerts award, has been taken by doctors to mean that their incomes should be automatically adjusted to the cost of living? If so, it should say so and it would have a good deal of public support in doing so. The way would then be clear for the negotiation on their merits of any adjustments in incomes which may be necessary. By referring the whole matter to a Royal Commission, the government is merely postponing the day when it will have to make up its own mind. But the doctors have themselves to thank. By insisting on the rigid application of the Spens formula as they interpret it, they are claiming in perpetuity a specially privileged position as the one profession which is completely and automatically guaranteed against inflation. No government can indefinitely accept such a commitment, and the present government is clearly entitled to re-examine it. What is wrong is its method. It should have offered to re-negotiate the formula with the profession and called for consultations on this basis. If this had been done in 1951, instead of referring the interpretation of the formula to Mr. Justice Danckwerts as adjudicator, the present deadlock might not have arisen. The B.M.A.'s best hope of avoiding the procrastinations of a Royal Commission is not to demand arbitration on the basis of the Spens formula but to offer to negotiate a fresh approach.

Singapore's Spring Manoeuvres

Another Singapore delegation is due here in a few days' time to reopen negotiations for "Merdeka." On the eve of its departure comes the news that the Labour Front has dropped David Marshall, who was Singapore's first Chief Minister until he resigned after the abortive negotiations of last year. He has now been replaced as president of the Labour Front by Chew Swee Kee, who is Minister of Education in Lim Yew Hock's government, and has resigned from the delegation. Two influences can be seen at work in these manœuvres. It is obvious that the delegation will have a better chance of success in David Marshall's absence, after his failure last year and his bad relations with other political leaders. At the same time important, if tentative, negotiations are proceeding behind the scenes to link the Labour Front with the People's Action Party. If stable government is to emerge from the next elections in August it is obvious that an attempt must be made to fight them on a two-party basis, otherwise some form of weak compromise coalition is inevitable. The Labour Front has, therefore, the choice of going left or right. If it merges with the Liberal Socialists on the right, it will force the mass of the workers into the P.A.P. and probably give the Communists the opportunity to take the lead. On the other hand, if it succeeds in attracting the genuine social democrats from the P.A.P. into a Socialist party, it has a chance to wrest the initiative from the Communists and their followers.

No Succour for the Old

Monday's debate in the Commons on the old-age and retirement pensions and other insurance benefits brought out the fact that nearly a quarter of the total number of persons in receipt of pension are also drawing supplementary allowances from the Assistance Board—in itself a sure sign that the present rate of pensions is too low. The rate was last increased in 1955, when a similar situation existed; but since then the cost of living has risen by nine or ten per cent. and the cost of food, which chiefly affects the old people, still more. When the present insurance scheme was drawn up, on lines mainly laid down in the Beveridge report, it was undoubtedly intended that benefits should be fixed at such levels as would make it unnecessary for more than a small proportion of the beneficiaries to apply to the Assistance Board for supplementation. The Labour government then in power was guilty of departing from this principle by letting the rates remain unchanged up to 1951, despite the rapid rise in living costs. But two wrongs do not make a right; and it is beyond question that the rates are again most seriously inadequate today. It is no answer to say that an increasing proportion of pensioners are getting additional income in private pension schemes, heavily subsidised by the state through tax remissions: the trouble affects the very large numbers who are not, but have to depend entirely (or almost entirely) on the state scheme. Mr. Marquand, who moved the Labour motion for an increase in rates, effectively pointed out that state aid to the privately financed schemes now adds up to about £175m., whereas all forms of state subvention to the National Insurance scheme and to National Assistance to the aged come to only £137m.—including tax remissions. Mr. Marquand renewed the demand, suggested earlier by the Phillips Committee, for an index that would show the sums necessary to provide an adequate maximum subsistence level. He and his supporters got no change out of the government spokesmen, who preferred to harp on the past sins of the Labour government.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Jerusalem

Trial by Sanctions

A Special Correspondent in Israel writes: Usually it is most difficult to sum up public opinion in Israel, which, with a population of under two million, managed to produce no less than 17 competing lists in the last elections. But for the first time since the 1948 war, the dissonant voices are silent. On his way to the Knesset to reply to the Eisenhower broadcast, Ben-Gurion was greeted by cries of "No withdrawal" from the bystanders, and the same atmosphere prevailed inside during the debate. Nevertheless, few Israelis really believe that United Nations sanctions will in the end be imposed. In spite of past disappointments, there still exists a belief in the potentialities, if not in the performance of that body; for there is in the Israeli character an almost religious response to any organisation which professes to stand for peace, justice and freedom.

With all the speculation about future sanctions, little has been heard of those which have in fact been imposed since October 29 by the United States and the Soviet Union. Failing any surprise change in American foreign policy, Israel stands to lose the $25 million grant-in-aid that had been expected during the current year. Add to this the $27 million surplus food stocks no longer being sent and the monthly loss of $1 million income from tourism—mostly American —due to the State Department ban, and the total represents a sizable chunk of Israel's annual budget. And alongside these actual losses, certain private American banks have already shown their unwillingness to renew credits. At the same time as American sanctions were applied, Russian oil companies broke the commercial contracts under which they supplied approximately 30 per cent. of Israel's fuel needs. At present a legal wrangle is in progress and Israel is claiming damages, since the agreement signed with the oil companies did not allow for its severance by the Soviet government for political reasons. Israel has been compelled to transfer these fuel purchases to Venezuela; and coming as it did at a time of a general rise in prices, increased freight rates and the extra transport involved, this has resulted in a considerable loss for the Treasury.

None of this strikes Israelis as a major tragedy; and it will certainly bring about no collapse. In fact many people believe that this forced retrenchment may ultimately set Israel's economy on a sound footing and reduce the exaggerate dependence on outside aid. But the effect of the reduced foreign currency income will mean a new measure of austerity and a slowing-down of the country's economic development. The cut in the standard of living will be even more acute should the 100,000 new immigrants arrive this year as expected. Rising anti-semitism, Hungarian and Egyptian refugees and the uneasy position of North African Jews, underline the government's intention to keep open the door to immigration, even though a large part of the foreign currency budget will have to be made available for the provision of housing and employment for the new arrivals. In the opinion of local economists, the full effects of the present situation will not be felt immediately, since a substantial part of Israel's foreign exchange earnings would have gone into investment and development projects which, for the time being, are frozen. Fortunately there are large stocks of food in the country, built up during the past year. The prospect of a siege economy has never been very distant in view of the permanent danger of an Arab military attack.

In their present mood Israelis are prepared to accept, not happily but willingly, any financial measures which the government may press through, and the opportunity is not being lost to introduce economies which normally would not be accepted with such quiescence. Proposals being debated include a compulsory loan, cuts in administration and social services, tax on higher incomes, increased prices for basic commodities with a concomitant partial freeze of wages. To ease anticipated unemployment, the Histadrut has called on its members to give up a substantial part of their holiday pay to help the jobless. On the need to cut the standard of living there is no disagreement among the parties—only on how to do it and on who should pay most. But if the cost of sovereignty and security is a lower standard of life, then Israelis are prepared to accept a great deal of punishment.

Rome

All Eyes on London

Bruce Renton writes from Rome: Reports of the recent Socialist Party congress in Venice may have created a misleading impression of the situation within the party. This was caused by the final elections, in which, it seemed, Nenni was "defeated" by "pro-Communist" officials. The right wing and the Christian Democrat press had every interest in increasing this impression. But Nenni was not defeated, nor are the officials pro-Communist. The last-minute manoeuvres were a purely internal affair, and had nothing to do with the universal acceptance of Nenni's programme. Perhaps it would be well to sum up again the decisive aspects of the congress. The entire party pronounced itself in favour of reunification with the Saragat Social Democrats on certain understandable ideological conditions. Saragat had demanded a repudiation of the party's fellow-travelling policy, and Nenni, accordingly, officially broke off all relations with the C.P. He has also modified his position on foreign policy; and is now, apparently, more sympathetic to the Atlantic Pact as one of the possible guarantors of a gradually widening area of European neutrality. The party is now solidly rallied round Nenni, and the only leading Socialist (Pertini) who could have been accused of pro-Communism was excluded from the party leadership. At least 40 per cent. of the Social Democrats, particularly the Zagari group, fully approved of the congress decisions and are pressing Saragat to call a Social Democrat congress in order to hasten reunification.

The chief difficulty, therefore, lies not in Nenni's party, but in Saragat's, and particularly in the opposition of the Social Democrat parliamentary group. They have government posts which they are obviously reluctant to relinquish in order to create the long-awaited united Socialist party. They have a natural fear of being engulfed by the much larger Nenni party after reunification. But Nenni will give guarantees on this. The present situation is viewed with grave concern both by the Nenni Socialists and by those Social Democrats who oppose Saragat's reluctance to surrender to the overriding interests of the Italian working class. They maintain that reunification cannot wait. There is a strong possibility that the Christian Democrat coalition government will hold a snap election this autumn. Italian public opinion is anxiously awaiting reunification, and if, as Saragat appears to wish, the Social Democrats and the Socialists go to the polls with separate lists, it is feared that the general disillusion will lead to a sweeping Christian Democrat victory at the expense of the minor parties. This disillusion will also mean that the C.P. will probably maintain its electorate intact. The feeling is that reunification must come now or never, and that Saragat must somehow be persuaded to discard his factional interests.

It is thought that a decisive factor in this urgent matter could be the attitude of the Socialist International, whose executive bureau meets in London this Friday. Unhappily, Nenni's party is not represented on it, and the Saragat delegate, as the representative of a small minority of the Italian Socialists, is not qualified to give the necessary objective picture. The prestige of the British Labour movement is now at its highest with Italian Socialists, particularly since Suez, and there is a general belief that its support for reunification would ensure the support of the Germans and other members of the International.

Rangoon

U Nu's Return

A Special Correspondent in Rangoon writes: When U Nu relinquished the premiership in June last year, he said he wanted to be unburdened of office at least for one year so that he might devote himself, as its president, to the consolidation of the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League. He threatened that if he was not given that "leave of absence" from office, he would throw up the presidency of AFPFL and start a career seriously as a writer or journalist. "Leave" was granted and U Nu set off gleefully on a whirlwind of activity, travelling on goodwill missions to Vietnam (South) and Peking—where he informally discussed the long-standing problem of Burma-China border demarcation—to India and Ceylon; meeting people, dining with editors; making speeches. He enjoyed the advantage of being unfettered by office, and yet able, by virtue of his prestige and "elder brother" influence over the Cabinet, to marshal all the powers of office when he wanted.

Now before the year's leave is up, U Nu is returning to the premiership. There were rumours, before AFPFL made it publicly known that U Nu was coming back to lead the Cabinet, that he was gone for good and that the younger Socialist leaders like Kyaw Nyein and Ba Swe would not have him back. There were ugly rumours, too, that there was a widening rift between Kyaw Nyein and Nu, and that a fight to the finish had developed. Perhaps it was necessary to announce U Nu's early return in order to put a stop to all rumours, or perhaps U Nu himself, or his wife, or both, were getting a little lonely outside the limelight. In any case the AFPFL executive decided in December that U Nu should return to form a government. The announcement killed rumours about U Nu, but started rumours about Kyaw Nyein and some of his Socialist colleagues; and it was widely and wildly whispered at one time that Kyaw Nyein had been placed under arrest. Nothing so drastic has happened. U Nu's return has only required a stepping down of U Ba Swe to become Deputy Premier with special charge of defence. U Ba Swe is not sorry at all to step down one rung. The premiership which he has suffered for eight months has bored him. Never an early riser, U Ba Swe has had to struggle hard to attend essential functions in the mornings such as offering food to the monks. Never an easy talker, he has found the social occasions irksome. So has his wife, and this has made things much easier for U Ba Swe to step down. There will now be four Deputy Premiers, each in charge of a group of subjects: Ba Swe in charge of defence and internal security; Kyaw Nyein, of economic affairs; Thakin Tin, of social affairs; Sao Hkun Khio, of foreign affairs and Shan state affairs. U Nu and the first three of the Deputy Premiers, who are now commonly referred to as the "Big Four," will guide major policy matters.

There is, and will be for many years, no substitute for AFPFL. The Communists led by Than Tun are still fighting and shouting peace slogans. The splinter groups are led by personalities who are fast getting obsolete. The opposition in parliament—which has grown since the last elections—is vocal and vigilant, but its unity is one of convenience. U Nu's primary duty as Prime Minister and president of AFPFL will therefore be to purify and consolidate the League, to raise new cadres of young leaders, to inspire the people and get down to the solid job of nation-building. In this sort of hard work, it must be hoped, will be found the solvent of petty jealousies both inside AFPFL and inside the Socialist Party.

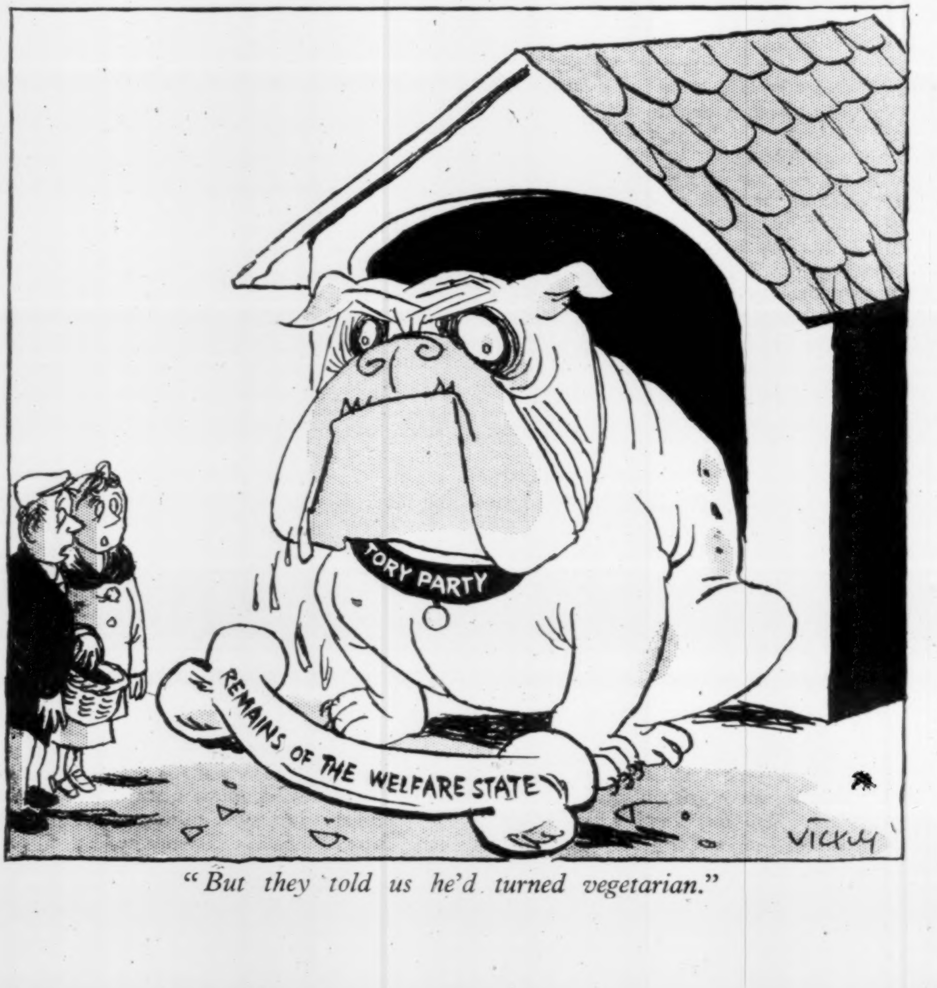
Westminster

The Politics of Old Age

Mr. Bevan once said in effect: "We mustn't try to isolate the old from the rest of us. We don't want old people's colonies where the inhabitants see nothing but the corpses of their friends being carried to the grave. Old people's homes, houses and flats should be built in, not apart from, the working community." It is at least equally right that the question of old age pensions should be discussed, not in isolation, but as part of the problems of the community as a whole. This was one of the reasons why last Monday's debate was so exasperatingly inadequate.

We know that the proportion of old people to people of working age is great and is increasing, and that the pensions burden on the community as a whole will become steadily greater. We know that the existing basic pension is not high enough, of itself, to provide even bare subsistence and that if an adequate subsistence pension were to be provided from an *insurance* scheme, the cost of contributions would be too high for many wage earners. We know that, even if a momentarily adequate figure for the pension is achieved, rising prices have at once pared it away. Against that background, there are differences of opinion. Should the pension aim at providing subsistence? Or should it be directly related to the earnings of the pensioner when he was working so that he would be guaranteed, say, half his wages when he retires? How is the community to pay for such a pension? Since some people can still afford to save while they are earning, should the pension be confined to those who cannot save enough to provide for their old age? But because the opposition felt that rising prices have caused such hardship to many pensioners, they put down only a limited, stop-gap motion, calling for an immediate increase in the basic rates and in the scales of National Assistance.

But that was not the only defect in the debate. Almost as exasperating were the performances of Miss Edith Pitt and Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter for the government. Miss Pitt has the manner of a pupil-teacher. She reads her bright little essays, punctuated by girlish I-don't-quite-know-what-to-say-next pauses. On this occasion she filled out her speech with references to her own father who appeared to be well satisfied with a £2 a week pension—as well he might be since he is living with his youngest daughter and her family, and has many other children living, one of whom is herself unmarried and earning £2,000 a year as a Minister of the Crown. The lamentable exhibitions given by junior ministers at the despatch box in major debates are becoming an insult to the House of Commons. Boyd-Carpenter was inadequate for an entirely different reason. He is one of the best debaters in the House, even though he chooses to muffle his wit and hide his quickness of mind behind polysyllabic convolutions of speech. But cleverness and glibness of repartee are not suited to a debate on the human


TORY PARTY
REMAINS OF THE WELFARE STATE
VICKY

"But they told us he'd turned vegetarian."

problem of pensions. Boyd-Carpenter at least refrained from touting his relatives before the public gaze; but he did follow Miss Pitt in suggesting, contrary to the evidence, that old-age pensioners were doing pretty well on the existing pension, plus National Assistance and help from their families where necessary.

Fortunately, Conservative back-benchers like Mr. R. H. Turton—whose moving speech retrieved his own previous failures at the despatch box—and Sir Keith Joseph rejected this line of approach, and tried to see the problem of old age as a whole. Indeed, between the two ministerial speeches, a series of back-benchers, and especially Mr. Douglas Houghton, turned their backs on by-elections and genuinely tried to feel a way towards the solution of what, for any government, and for any family, must rank as one of the most difficult and urgent problems yet to be faced. They, at least, seemed to feel that we cannot go on letting pensions trail after prices, that on this question neither Parliament nor the old can go on living from hand to mouth.

Perhaps Monday will have persuaded the House of Commons never again to treat the old as shuttlecocks in a battledore competition. Instead we might begin by seriously trying to decide what duty we have to the old and then concentrate on the means to pay it.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The 'Impertinence' of Jennie Lee

ON December 20 last, Jennie Lee wrote an article in *Tribune* which sharply criticised the official Yugoslav policy towards Djilas. In the course of it she used the phrase: "What Yugoslavia does internally is its own affair." She was answered in the January issue of the *Information Bulletin of the Socialist Alliance of the Working People of Yugoslavia.* The *Bulletin* picks up with approval the phrase I have quoted, giving it a meaning which I am sure it was never meant to bear—that nobody outside Yugoslavia is entitled to criticise the Yugoslav Government on internal matters. Miss Lee is in fact charged with impertinence in offering any criticism at all; with "appraising the value of all we are doing . . . exclusively on the grounds of whether or not that conforms to her standards of value." The standard of any country, it is declared, "is the affair of the people of that country"; and apparently nobody else has any right to call it in question.

What utter nonsense this is! Does the *Bulletin* mean that nobody outside Germany had any right to criticise the standards of the Nazis as long as they were in power? Or that no Yugoslav may criticise the standards of the United States today? That is the implication of what the *Bulletin* says: it is too absurd to be really meant. What then can be meant? Perhaps that the standards of those countries which satisfy certain necessary conditions—and those only—are above criticism: "democratic" countries, or certain kinds of democratic countries which are regarded as true "democracies." This is perhaps the implication of the following words from the *Bulletin* article: "How individual freedoms are guaranteed in individual countries is the affair of the peoples of these countries." Legally, that proposition is true wherever "peoples" control the national laws; but is it so morally? Are there no *rights to rights*, beyond those which the actual laws of a country—even of a democratic country—lay down? Moreover, in this connection, what is a "country"? Is it simply identifiable with the area covered *de facto* by a sovereign state—Yugoslavia, for example, as against Serbia or Croatia, or the Soviet Union as against any of its constituent parts, even Soviet Russia or the Ukraine?

Apart from the difficulty of deciding what is to be regarded as a "country," I find it impossible to accept the view that individual freedoms are simply those which are recognised by the internal decision of each people, and that no people can ever be criticised for failure to recognise a freedom. It is, of course, possible to argue that no people will in fact ever deny to the individuals who make it up, or to any of them, any freedom they ought to enjoy; but even this highly questionable statement involves admitting that there are freedoms which the individuals *ought* to have. If there are such freedoms—varying no doubt in many respects according to the particular circumstances of time and place, but nevertheless resting, in all their variety, on certain basic principles—it is surely impossible to argue that it can never be legitimate to criticise a country, or a state, for failing to act on these basic principles.

Nor is it, I think, possible to argue that no such criticism can ever be legitimate in the case of a "democratic" country—that is, of one where the laws do express the will of its people. For this implies not only that a "people" can never willingly do wrong, or even make a mistake, but also that its government must be taken as expressing its will accurately, not merely in its general way of governing, but in every respect—so that the government's infallibility, as well as the people's, appears to be implied. I am not for the moment raising the issue whether each sovereign state has an absolute claim not to be interfered with in any coercive way by foreigners, or by foreign or supra-national authorities, in its conduct of its internal affairs, but only that of the right of foreigners who hold that a state is violating basic principles of individual freedoms to say so without being denounced as guilty of illegitimate interference. I certainly claim the right to criticise what I find amiss in the institutions of my own society, or of any other, not by the standards of my own society, but by standards of right and wrong which transcend those of any single society or state.

I of course recognise the need, in making such criticisms, to take account of the actual circumstances of the society of which I am speaking and not to attack a particular code simply because it differs from what I have been accustomed to. But emphatically I do not identify what is just or good with whatever actually exists in a particular society, even if it does exist by verdict of the popular will. I reject out of hand the notion that either people or government is the sole legitimate arbiter of what is right or wrong.

But now let us carry the argument rather further, by extending it to the question whether each people, represented by its sovereign state, has an absolute right to be master of its own internal affairs. The principle of "sovereign equality" in the UN Charter may be held to involve this as far as the powers conceded by member states to the UN are concerned. But it can hardly be held to go further than this; and even within these limits, it comes into conflict not only with the UN formulation of a Declaration of Human Rights, but also with many provisions in the Charter itself dealing with universal rights and freedoms. Take the particular case of Hungary.

By what right did the Soviet Union intervene with armed force to suppress the Hungarian revolution, even if it was properly to be regarded as a "counter-revolution"—which, in my view, it was not? Suppose it was: Hungary was none the less a sovereign state, to which the Russians refused the right to be master in its own house. Is it then that the Hungarian people, in establishing their Soviet Republic, had ceased to be sovereign and had become a mere section of a greater unity—the Communist bloc of countries—which had to be regarded as constituting morally a single state system, so that the Hungarian people had ceased to have sovereign rights of its own as distinct from those of the bloc as a whole? Was the Soviet Union merely suppressing a local rebellion against an essentially single and unified sovereign Communist authority of which it was the principal embodiment? In such a view, sovereign states dissolve, and are replaced as sources of rights by a supra-national structure of Communism, possessed of a set of values unquestionable either from within or from without, and standing wholly apart from the different values prevalent in various forms in the non-Communist parts of the world.

This, I think, does come near to the basic meaning of the *Bulletin's* contention that foreigners—at any rate western foreigners—have no right to criticise the shortcomings of the individual freedoms actually recognised by the laws of Yugoslavia. But how does it square with what is called "Titoism"—with the Yugoslavs' emphatic and successful refusal to be dictated to by the Soviet Union about their conduct of their own affairs? In this matter, they appeared to be asserting their *national* right to practise their own form of Communism whatever the Soviet Union or the Cominform might say. Up to the Hungarian affair they appeared to have established their claim, and to have helped Poland to make a similar assertion. But Tito's declared attitude over Hungary has now made them appear to be standing for an entirely different principle, in which the emphasis is on Communist as against non-Communist morality, even though the *Bulletin*, in its answer to Jennie Lee, still takes its stand on the right of each "people" to settle the question of individual freedoms for itself.

I admit that I am puzzled, and also shocked. I do not deny the right, or the need, of a government or state or people to impose some restrictions on the rights of free speech and political action. But I am sure that all such restrictions ought always to be open to outside criticism—the more so, because they directly affect the possibilities of criticism from inside. It is a valuable means of pressure for keeping such restrictions within bounds to be able to criticise them from without. I say this, not as a "westerner," but as a man who holds that there are human values which are independent of the legal code or moral habit of any particular state, or group of states, and that these values can, for the most part, best be formulated by criticism of the actual codes of the various states and groups. Denial of this seems to me to involve a sheer "moral relativism" which can scarcely be attributed either to the Yugoslav Socialist Alliance or to the ruling party of the Soviet Union, since it would disable either of them from criticising western values, as they often do, or even from attacking actual examples of Fascism or *Apartheid* or imperialism. I do not profess to know exactly what the Yugoslavs mean. I can only conclude that there is some very muddled thinking going on somewhere, and that it is important to assert strongly the right of criticism in the hope, *inter alia*, of bringing the sources of the confusion to light.

G. D. H. COLE

Vote for Blarney

It is plausible to deem the Irish general election —polling date March 5—a nearly meaningless, and even *macabre* charade. Many Irishmen do, and are saying so in public speech and print. Or, and this is plausible too, perhaps what is happening is a sharply significant pointer to the way western European man is really thinking behind the *cliché* curtain, and perhaps the Irish—not for the first time—are going to rub everyone else's nose in a reality of which others would prefer to ignore the sour but astringent odour.

By now, of course, the genteel professionals of political manners have had time to get their hands up to their mouths to conceal the rude and grossly untraditional yawn that on almost all sides greeted the news that someone—in this case Mr. Sean MacBride—had made a bid for first prize at the political Crufts as Best Watchdog of the National Interests, and gone on record with the news that he, for one, could no longer maintain his support for policies which, in his considered view, were unpopular; morally and economically indefensible; and, in case anyone failed to notice it the first time, unpopular.

There was nothing odd in the fact of a lot of people yawning at Mr. MacBride—as the dramatic critic George Jean Nathan once said, everyone should remember that it is better to keep a bad dancer on-stage for two minutes than a good one for ten. And Mr. MacBride has for a long time been dancing—"gyrating" is the word Mr. de Valera used the other day—in a manner which, though pleasing to the connoisseurs, is causing worry at the box-office.

What made it surprising that we had a yawn rather than a yawp was the fact that everyone could see that what this move of Mr. MacBride was almost certainly going to mean was a general election, occasioned by the defection of his little party from Mr. Costello's coalition government, and by the improbability that Mr. Costello would care to claim that he had the heartfelt mandate of the people to shoot the boat through the economic rapids with a Dail majority of two, or possibly only 50 per cent. of that figure.

For reasons which are the subject of controversy and speculation, Mr. de Valera was a minute or two late in the Watchdog entry, so that—technically at least—the motion by his Fianna Fail Party announcing its lack of confidence in a government whose policies were unpopular, morally and economically indefensible, etc., etc., would have to have been voted on after the MacBride motion. There were those who thought that some get-together in the voting lobbies might be arranged between the Leader of the Opposition and the member of the coalition who was spurning office for his party on the grounds of principle. It did not happen.

And Mr. Costello, after some broad hints that he would face the Dail, defeat both no-confidence motions, and then go to the country, decided not to let the no-confidence motions come to a vote but to ask for the dissolution of the Dail. At this point—or just before it—was witnessed the phenomenon which should engage in this election the interest not only of 100,000 Irish unemployed, of nobody-knows-just-how-many more or less unwilling emigrants, and of a couple of million other people who dearly love their country and consider it capable of a rich future, but of anyone who wants to think seriously about politics in the western world.

This phenomenon was termed by some an "intrigue," by others "a boldly imaginative step." It was a move by a large number—and a number much larger than was publicly disclosed—of influential people, with the more or less enthusiastic backing of three out of four of Ireland's most influential daily newspapers (*Irish Times, Irish Independent,* and *Cork Examiner*) to get the leaders of the principal government Party, Fine Gael, and those of the principal opposition party, Fianna Fail, to agree that they had nothing fundamental to disagree about, that the country was in much too bad a way to afford the luxuries of traditional party politics, not to mention the old time political religions of the Twenties; and that Fine Gael (whose left-wing members stand to the left of the right-wing of Fianna Fail) and Fianna Fail (whose left-wing members likewise stand to the left of the right-wing members of Fine Gael), should stop politicking, form an entirely new, and quite unbeatable, coalition government, stymie the whole notion of a general election, and attend to the country's business.

So it would be a "national government"—a phrase which in England somewhat stinks, because, if you skip the wartime incident, the last such thing in England was the product of a panic betrayal of aim and principle. But the chill spectre of Ramsay MacDonald does not fall across Ireland. Rather the contrary, because the notion of a united government of Irishmen is associated in Ireland with heroism, and self-sacrifice, and victory.

The "intrigue," or whatever it was, failed of its immediate objective. A lot of shrewd people have the impression that perhaps Mr. Costello, and certainly some of his colleagues, would have been happy to carry out the suggestion, but that Mr. de Valera is getting a little old for that kind of thing. Yet the idea—despite the dutiful objurgations which must be uttered from party platforms—remains, and remains not simply as an idea but as a practical post-election possibility. In other words, "the intriguers" are saying, and saying loudly, that just because there could not be a coalition of the major parties before the election, there is no reason why there cannot be one immediately after.

Given that the country is in a fairly serious economic mess, it is of course natural that Mr. de Valera and his fellow chiefs of Fianna Fail should feel confident that they are going to get, this time, an over-all majority, and that to enter into talk of "national government" at this stage, is to be bargaining about paying something for something which you are going to get for nothing anyway. And, in the short-term sense, he may very well be right.

It is somewhat more than probable that we shall have a Fianna Fail government which will then have to decide whether the credit squeeze is disastrous or beneficial, whether Ireland is for or against the Common Market—and how much for, how much against—and decide, too, whether we ought to cure unemployment (every politician in the country is committed to that little item) by re-organising and re-financing our agriculture (look at Denmark), or by developing our light industries (look, and look very hard, at Puerto Rico, which had an acute case of Ireland's disease until ten years ago and seems to have effected a cure). And nobody supposes that their decision would be fundamentally different from those Mr. Costello would take if he were to win. There is, in other words, no "MacDonald situation."

NEXT WEEK

An Insular View

by John Strachey

In this article the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., replies to Professor Homan's criticism of British socialism which appeared in our last issue

A few days after the general election started, almost everyone dropped every other issue and talked about unemployment. Not so the Sinn Fein candidates and such others as consider that —again, materially and spiritually—the ending of Partition is where things have to begin.

All respectable politicians affect to sneer at the Sinn Fein vote. The government, the opposition, and the church have all, with varying degrees of vehemence, condemned the "use of violence" by the organisations responsible for the explosive raids upon the British military and civil organisations in the north.

Which makes little difference to the fact that in—I very rashly estimate—about 80 per cent. of Irish homes, these "violent" and "explosive" lads enjoy a deep, sentimental sympathy. The sympathy that people who have settled for a safe life and no nonsense feel for those who, when they see a windmill, tilt. And tilt at the possible expense of life and personal liberty. And when you say "But isn't it absurd?" some man will come back with the unanswerable statement that the Easter Rising in 1916 was absurd, too.

Claud Cockburn

London Diary

From the *Daily Telegraph*, Friday, February 22, 1957:—

Lord Goddard

SITUATION NOW INTOLERABLE

All Reprieved

Those seven words have a certain simple eloquence. So has Lord Goddard. But his eloquence bears a family resemblance to that of John Foster Dulles or Krushchev: his friends and supporters don't know, nor apparently does he, what is coming next, and their only relaxed moment is when he sits down. It is bizarre that a lawyer of distinction should have so little control of his tongue. In the hanging debate in the Lords, he made two points, the first of which (that the Home Secretary, in recommending reprieves in all cases since 1955, was using an administrative power unconstitutionally) was promptly dismissed by Lord Salisbury: the second point, which was so much on Lord Goddard's mind that he returned to it three times, was that the judges were feeling a sense of "the greatest embarrassment." The embarrassment was not caused, as one might ignorantly think, by their having to pass sentence of death at all; so long as it was to be carried out, no one felt any awkwardness. No, the "intolerable situation" was that they should have to pass sentence of death to find that it was followed by reprieve. Now we should all wish to spare the sensibilities of judges; but it does not seem to most of us the very first duty of society to preserve them from that extremely specialised unease.

* * *

Judges are not the only public functionaries who have their awkward moments. Imagine, for example, representatives of this country and Scandinavia, this very week, listening to polite incredulous questions about Lord Goddard's speech. There is not really much more to be said about hanging. I have heard it argued that a good deal too much has been said already, and that we have got the issue out of proportion. When all major countries are devising weapons to burn entire populations alive, what does it matter if a few murderers are judicially hanged? I don't agree. That kind of bogus toughness is always wrong. It is usually a sign of those who are trying to suppress their moral imaginations. Which, incidentally, is not too difficult for most of us.

* * *

Most people are surprised to be told that there was no capital punishment for murder in mid-19th-century Russia. Has anyone ever remarked that this legal fact makes quite a difference to the psychological tone of Dostoievski's crime novels? If Raskolnikov's confession or the trial of Dmitri Karamazov had taken place in the expectation of hanging, it would have been impossible to avoid a sadistic miasma which would have seeped through each psychological confrontation. Certainly Dostoievski would have been the last writer to avoid it. It was the accident of the Russian legal code that saved him: if he had been an Englishman, with the gallows as much in his mind as it was in Dickens's, he would have ruined the best parts of both novels.

* * *

I should be curious to meet some of the people who wrecked the first night of *The Crystal Heart*. I don't mean that I should like to meet them; anyone who boos Gladys Cooper is not my idea of desirable company. But I should be curious to know whether they went to the play intending to wreck it, or whether the desire just came over them while they were actually there. If I imagined they were animated by a passionate desire to maintain the glory of the English theatre, I might think a little (but not much) better of them. But booing is a lout's game at best. If it were not, I'm afraid some of us would be booing away pretty well every week, at productions which *The Crystal Heart* demonstrators no doubt consider the most brilliant achievements of the contemporary stage. I was once taken to an extremely successful, and almost inconceivably unfunny farce, by Desmond MacCarthy. He began the evening by giving me a longish lecture on the proper spirit in which to go to this or any other entertainment. One must be prepared to see the best in it. One ought to be as much like the people round one as possible, not as much unlike. After one had enjoyed oneself, one could think and criticise—but at the play, it was necessary to be close to one's fellow men. All very wise. As a matter of fact, I usually get a mild yokellish pleasure out of any kind of performance, the only absolute exception being Jean-Louis Barrault's company in *Christophe Colombe*, and, as luck would have it, this play MacCarthy took me to. Even there, however, there was a compensation. For, as I grew tired of looking at the stage, I found my glance resting with interest on my companion, his amiable Punch-like face getting sadder and sadder, passionately unamused, glum amid the laughter round him, irretrievably set apart from his fellow-men.

* * *

Within the last few days several acquaintances have been talking about their American liberal friends. In letters and conversations, Suez has been cropping up: but it has been cropping up in a way the English did not expect. It is true they anticipated a bit of sympathy, and that they duly got—but of such a singular kind that the English felt that they must have misheard. For they found themselves being commiserated with on the failure of a gallant forlorn hope, being told they were good chaps whom the rest of the world and above all the U.S. had shamefully let down, being assured that with a bit of luck they would now have been in Cairo—almost exactly the kind of sympathy that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd might receive from, say, Mr. Robert Menzies. In bafflement, a number of Englishmen are saying that over Suez the American Left is totally behind the British Right. That is, of course an over-simplification. It does not begin to be true of the American liberals I know best myself. Nevertheless, there is enough in it to be worth thinking about. There are two obvious reasons why American liberals have a tendency to be pro-Suez—first, that Dulles and his colleagues were anti; second, that to be anti-Suez is on the way to being anti-Israel. But I do not believe that is all. I fancy a number of people all over the western world still think of themselves as liberals, but are in essence no such thing. In their hearts they believe that their society won't (and shouldn't) change much, that Communism is the enemy absolute, and that the only tasks open to men of good will are to fight the Cold War with one hand and perform minor benevolent activities with the other. That is a tenable attitude, but it is one of people who have given up the intellectual struggle.

* * *

How well does Winston Churchill really come out of the Alanbrooke memoirs? The answer is, exactly as a sensible person would expect, and I doubt whether they will affect posterity's judgment by one per cent. On the other hand, they have given distress to Churchill's simpler hero-worshippers, who have cherished a completely romantic illusion about the way great decisions are taken by great men, an illusion which is often enthusiastically shared by great men themselves. The great man brooding alone, all-wise, all-decisive—the romantic picture is something of that sort. In real life the great man is milling round with hundreds of others, a good deal more like Napoleon and Kutuzov in *War and Peace* than is congenial to hero-worshippers or heroes. To that extent, the Alanbrooke memoirs are a contribution to historical truth. As for reputations, I suspect that the only one which will suffer any damage is Lord Alanbrooke's own. That will be bad luck—but he has for so long been the perfect unknown eminence, the one man in the whole war about whom no one ever thought of saying a disparaging word. One cannot publish a diary, however innocent it is, and preserve quite intact a reputation as immaculate as that. One other thought on reading Alanbrooke—does any man of action ever think it remotely imaginable that he can ever have been wrong? I cannot think of any memoir, by any front-rank man of action, where the possibility is even contemplated. Churchill and Trotsky, Lloyd George and Ludendorff, Asquith and Haig, de Gaulle and Alanbrooke, Truman and Kerensky, they are not alike in much, but on this one point they are identical. It is only when one gets a bit lower down the chain of responsibility that candour and the sense of fallibility creep in: Beaverbrook's *Politicians and the War* is very honest: also the observer's pieces of that born writer Edward Spears.

* * *

Huw Wheldon brought off a *coup* on TV the other night. He took three public schoolboys and three teddy boys to visit a scout group—and, with an ingenious diablerie, managed it so that the teddy boys came out of the comparison best. The public schoolboys sounded rather like the less glittering *alumni* of Greyfriars. The scouts were shy and inarticulate; the teddy boys were neither. Teddy boy No. 1, asked by Wheldon why he did not join the scouts, said with *joie de vivre* and manifest truth, that he would find no women there. Where did he find women? At dances. How often did he go to dances? Five times a week. Teddy boy No. 2, by far the most intellectually ready of the youths on view, took over the cross-examination himself. What, he asked a scout, did they learn of any use? Pathfinding, tracking. . . . He waved those aside, he and his friends and most people in this country, lived in towns and would always live in towns Bandaging, first aid. . . . How often have you ever bandaged anyone who needed it? he asked Never, said the scout. Then it doesn't make sense, said teddy boy No. 2; there's no point in doing things that don't make sense.

C. P. SNOW

Ghana : The Next Act

On you, the actors, I will waste no praise:
You struggled, suffered . . . and, at last, you win.
This, Prison Graduates of former days,
Is not the end. *This is where you begin.*

They watch you—people bitter and oppressed,
The millions landless in their native land;
Each crisis is a Continental test—
Ghana, all Africa is in your hand.

The crushed Kikuyu, perjured to condone
By a false loyalty a slavish peace,
Rumours your triumph, half-discerns his own,
Your destiny the key to his release.

They watch you. In the segregated kirk
Where a White God is Worshipped by the Boers
They pray that He will never let it work—
This hated thing, this freedom which is yours.

Here Strijdom's arguments are powerless—
Prison and thuggery and gun and whip—
His hope is faction, fraud or foolishness:
All that he fears in you is statesmanship!

We watch you, all of us—your many friends,
Your enemies, prepared to gloat and jeer.
On with the play. Each partisan attends—
Their fear our hope, their hope our only fear.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Better Books Ltd

Booksellers of

CHARING CROSS ROAD LONDON

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

At first the Hungarians were hurt. They thought they were being shunned because they were Hungarians. Mr. Trompos made it clear that it was because they were "foreign workers".

"I have explained, and now they understand," he said.—*Yorkshire Evening Post.* (A. Richardson.)

The "know-alls" say that Sir Winston would not have taken his budgerigar to the South of France with him if he had intended to return to this country. For, they say, when he does come back the bird would have to go into quarantine.

This is not true. The case of each budgerigar is considered on its own merits for quarantine purposes. It is most unlikely that Sir Winston's would have to spend any time in quarantine.—*Sunday Dispatch.* (J. Gilliland.)

Pencils are to be cut in half as part of the economy drive at the County Hall, Wakefield. More pencils are lost in the County Hall than are used, and it was considered better to lose half a pencil than a whole one.—*Nottingham Evening Post.* (Joan Andrews.)

Fascism in the Name of Jesus

Despite the gingerbread coaches with their cavalry escorts which greeted the Queen, Portugal is a poor country; I have heard it argued whether the town or the country worker is more or less hungry here than in Spain. Many of the country people are still barefoot; tuberculosis and other deficiency diseases are all that you would expect. We have all seen picture postcards of sturdy fisherwomen with great flat baskets of fish or fruit and shawls round their shoulders. Near Oporto, the women carry great loads, especially of the locally made furniture, for as much as 20 miles for a few shillings a day; and a doctor who knows them tells me that they usually die round about 40. Elementary education ends at 11; secondary or university education is for the very few who can pay for it. The church, of course, dominates the curriculum, and you do not read the sceptical or subversive philosophers if you want a degree.

Indeed, you do not find them in the libraries: I was given a comic list of books that may not be sold by booksellers. It included the fables of La Fontaine. Periodic raids on the shops suffice to see that books offensive to the Vatican's notion of politics and morality do not appear to lurk behind the counter. All this is logical enough, for Portugal is of all countries the most Christian. Some time ago Salazar publicly defended Portuguese poverty on the ground that Our Lord had said that poverty is always with us. After all, since you have an eternity of heaven to look forward to if you are a faithful child of the church, a mere lifetime of misery is scarcely worth worrying about; and, if the earthly life of tribulation and ignorance is short, the less your chance of falling into damnable error and forfeiting your salvation.

Censorship over the press is strict and the letters of eminent men who write to the President of the Republic protesting at the loss of civil liberty are not acknowledged or published. Those who protest run the risk of exile or worse. Though in recent years some distinguished exiles —including one Prime Minister of pre-Salazar days—have been able to return to their country, I met one professional man who had been in and out of jail 19 times. *Habeas corpus* has its proud place in the 1933 constitution, but that does not much hamper the police because people who have been arrested can be detained indefinitely for interrogation.

I made some inquiries about the trial of 52 students which has been proceeding for several months in Oporto. The trial will probably last for another two or three months. Each prisoner may call 20 witnesses on his behalf. But the trial cannot be much more than a protracted farce, since defending counsel is not allowed to cross-examine the police witnesses—who need say no more than that they have knowledge from their own private inquiries that the prisoner is a Communist. The only practical limit on the sentences passed is the discretion of the authorities. They may be sensitive to world opinion—after all, Portugal is now a member of the U.N. and would prefer not to be classed with Spain.

One of the prisoners whose case I inquired into has been three times in prison. The first was for inscribing the words "For peace" on the wreath that he laid on the tomb of the unknown soldier. On the second occasion he was one of a large group of friends who went to the airport to welcome home a distinguished woman who had been unwise enough to go to one of the Communist-sponsored peace conferences. They were all arrested whether they shared the lady's political sympathies or not. This student is now on bail, standing his trial for the offence of undermining the security of the state. Another student, who was arrested for scribbling a peace slogan on a wall, had mentioned his name during interrogation. Such interrogation is apt to include such approved totalitarian methods as keeping the victim standing day and night without sleep until he speaks. One political prisoner recently committed suicide after nine days of this treatment. The political police of Portugal were not for nothing reorganised during the war under the advice of Himmler.

The Salazar government is now promoting a bill in parliament which will take away one of the few remaining civil liberties. The 1933 constitution guarantees university students the right to form associations and to elect their own officers. The present government measure threatens to take away this liberty. In future— unless the strong protests of the students are effective—only leaders fully approved by the authorities will be elected.

It is an error to suppose that Salazar, the near-dictator, has always been friendly to Britain. On the contrary, when Hitler looked like winning the war, he was outspoken in his contempt for the Allies. It was only when the tide had obviously turned that the photograph of Mussolini in the silver frame on his desk gave place to one of the Pope. He was most unwilling to allow the Allies to set up bases on the Azores; Winston Churchill speaks of Anthony Eden's remarkable "patience" in this matter. In the end, Salazar gave way to pressure from the United States—which was tactfully exercised through Brazil. In the early part of the war the Portuguese were forbidden to listen to the B.B.C. or to wear pro-Allied badges; and the heavily censored press was not allowed to mention any Allied successes.

The Portuguese government is, in fact, very like others that call themselves "corporative." It is run by a conspiracy of big business and officials. The most notorious proof is the case of Henrique Galvao who was a prominent member of the Assembly and Inspector of Colonies. He reported a serious case of official corruption; the minister pigeonholed it. Galvao then had the temerity to refer to the matter in the Assembly. When he ceased to be a member of the Assembly —in a one-party system this is in the government's hands—he was sent to jail. That was six years ago, and no one expects that this exceptionally brave deputy will be released in the near future. His example serves to discourage parliamentary criticism.

Next November Portugal will hold "elections." There will be no opposition candidates and the only choice is between voting for the Salazar candidate or running the risk of a negative vote. The risk is real for the voting papers are transparent and they are placed in the ballot box, not by the voter, but by a party official, who holds them to the light as he does so. The right to vote is not automatic even for heads of families; they must apply to be put on the register. The only form of democratic activity that seems open to honest men is to persuade those who are entitled to a vote to apply. A commission of independent persons has been formed for this purpose. They argue that the gesture is not purely formal since it combats the most corroding of all the evil results of totalitarianism—total apathy about all public affairs. Moreover, if many people vote, the chances of the government admitting a large opposition in Lisbon and Oporto (as they did last time) is increased. No one can guess how far the government would go in making such an admission: they claimed only 60 per cent. of the votes in Lisbon last time, in contrast to the virtual unanimity of the country vote. The greatest advance that a Portuguese can pray for in 1957 is that some independent persons may take part in the supervision of the ballot.

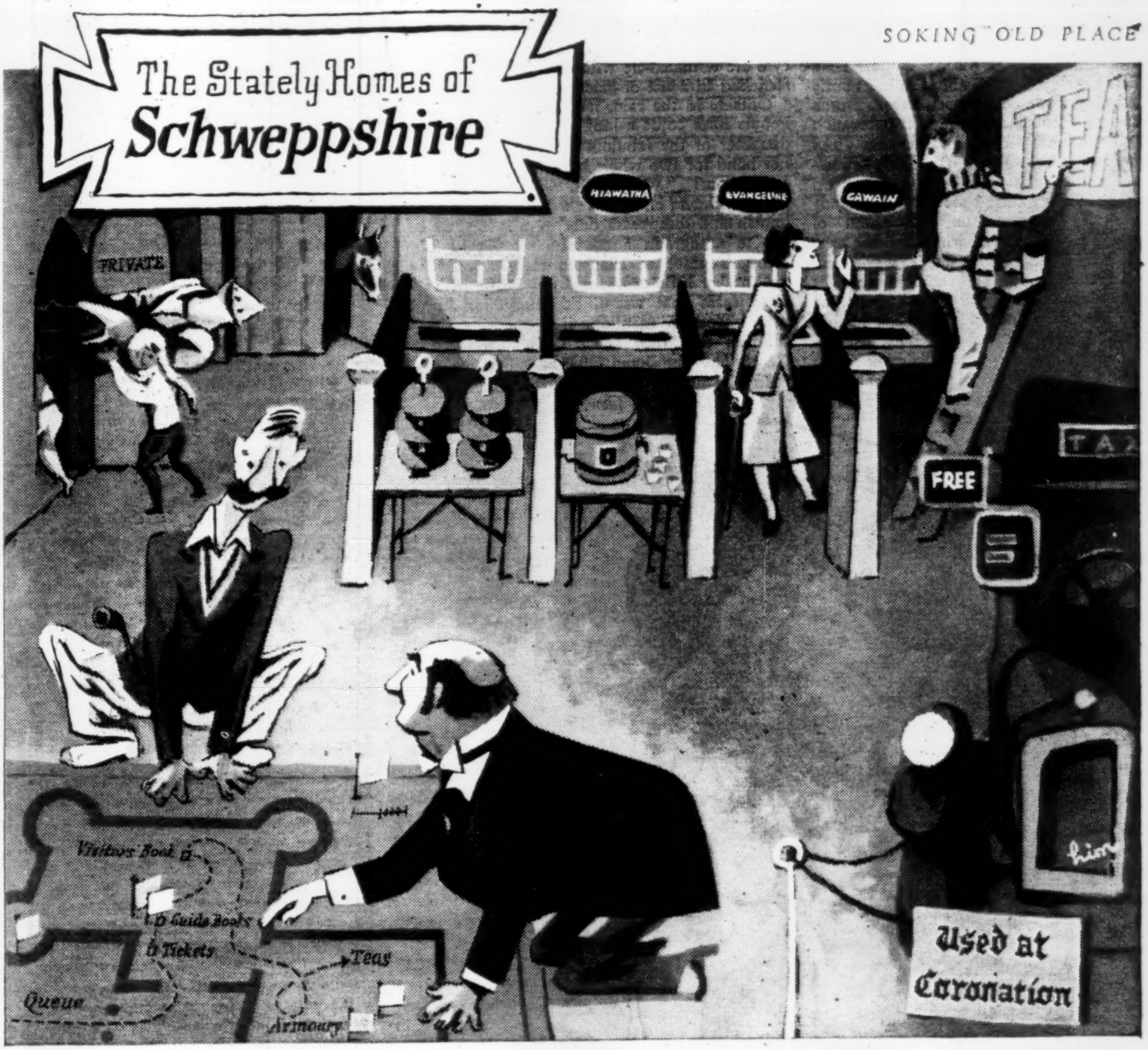
My main conclusion about Portugal is that it illustrates precisely the phenomenon of "reaction." I am not using the term in any abusive sense, but in a scientific sense. In Portugal, the Liberal movement that dominated the thought of the 19th century has been reversed. From 1910, when royal autocracy ended, to 1932 when Salazar became virtual autocrat, Portugal enjoyed civil liberty. Today it is non-existent, and only the older generation have any idea what it means. Reaction can be illustrated in many ways. The Colonisation Act of 1933, for instance, ended the Portuguese tradition of racial tolerance in the Indian and African colonies. Evil though Portuguese administration was in Africa (Basil Davidson's articles on Angola in this journal in May, 1954, are gratefully remembered), it could at least be claimed that there was no colour bar. A reduction from the state of Portuguese "overseas province," hitherto accorded to these territories, to that of mere "colony" roused angry opposition in Goa long before Nehru was in power and able to protest against Portuguese imperialism. (I understand that the government has now changed the offensive imperialist phraseology for obvious tactical reasons.) The same act introduced a rigid colour bar; today, for instance, no colonial can be an officer in any of the services.

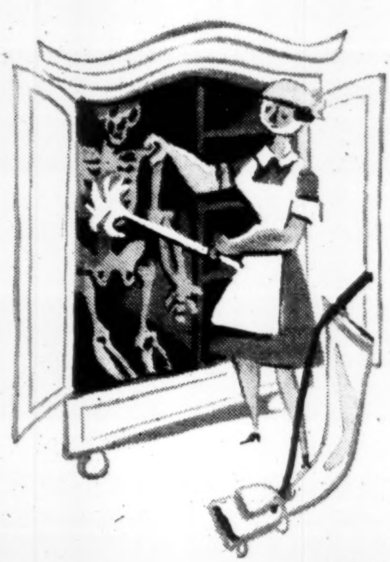
All this and much more beside was done in direct imitation of Nazi Germany. But there was this difference—Salazar acted always in the name of Jesus Christ. The Portuguese government allows, regulates and profits from a very large trade in prostitution. The girls are licensed to hire themselves very young. The government is also very particular about preventing the corruption of youth by sexy films. Not long ago, I'm told, a girl was refused admission to an "A" film because she was not 16. She pulled out of her bag an official licence to act as a prostitute. "I may do this," she asked, "but not see a grown-up film?"

Lisbon. Kingsley Martin

SOKING OLD PLACE

The Stately Homes of Schweppshire





Already the first primroses—and already, too, the first tea urns, tapestries, and Do Not Use This Door notices are being dusted and put into place as Schweppshire's stately homes are polished up for summer visitors.

First let us give you this pre-season glimpse of Soking Old Place, open to the public this year. Bits of it really are quite stately, and when we scraped the beam in the scullery and found a sort of lumpy pattern, *Palimpschwest* had a paragraph about our "carved soffit" with its "genuine ham and eggs moulding". And if the new tenants of Wett Chamberlayne can "throw open their gardens" (half an acre of weeds and a strong smell of fermenting grass clippings) why not us? To make it more "for the people" there is the suit of genuine stage armour, which we bought specially at Yarmouth, to go with the two Roman pots; and the taxi which took us to the coronation is preserved in the stables and may be sat in for an extra threepence.

In the picture we are planning not to cut out the tool shed but put *To the Armoury* on it in Gothic type. Old Mr. Carter has taken the split infinitives out of our Guide, which should show a profit now that the back page has been bought by Chez Maison Doris, the Soking dress shop, though the picture they have chosen for their advertisement is rather a curious one. There is a genuinely newly discovered secret panel which turns out to have been put in to supply the telephone extension to the top floor, sub-let to Mr. Carter. As he is only seen occasionally at windows we are thinking of saying that that part of the house is shut off, slightly suggesting a family curse, if not an Old Soking Monster.

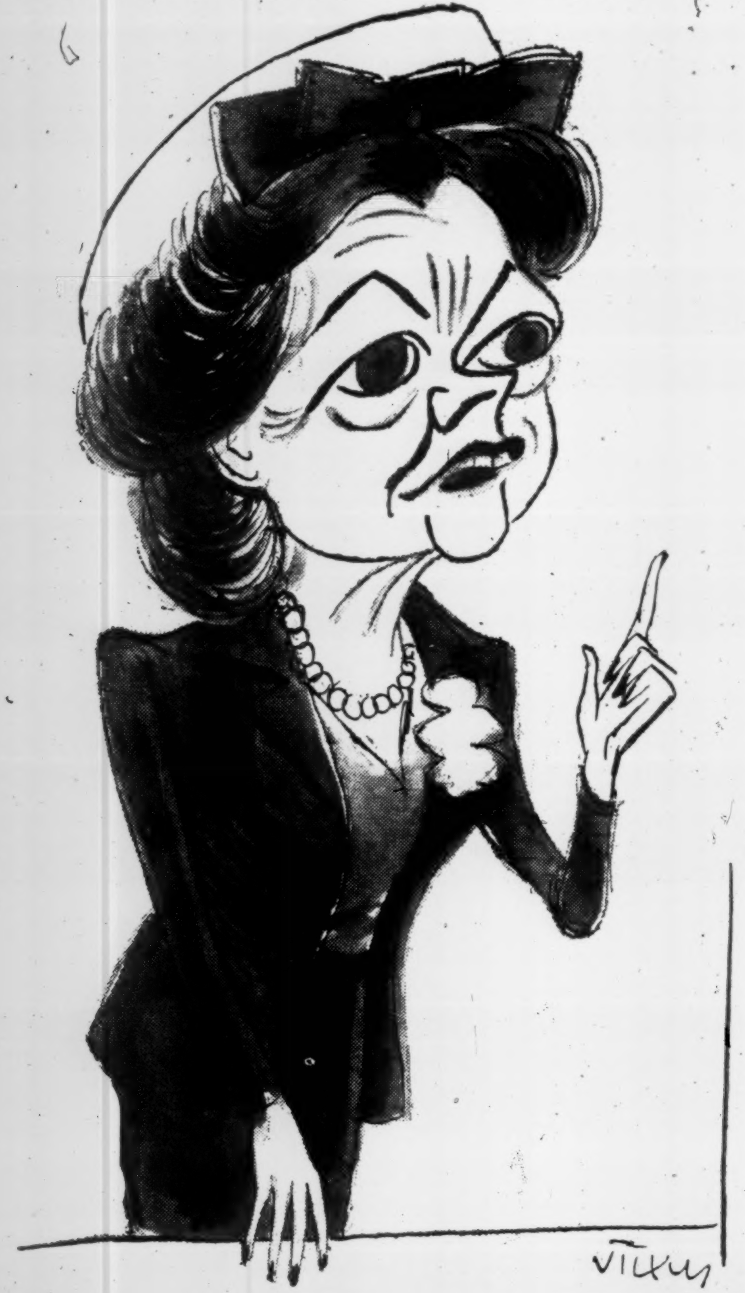
Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

Lady Megan at the Hustings

THIS, at last, was the end of the evening's five meetings, the time 10.30, the place a Welfare Hall, the candidate blue-eyed, small and slim in a comfy suit with, as they say, blue twin-set, angora Dutch bonnet and zip-up boots, delivering her peroration with that air of innocent concentration that Vicky has captured, almost the little girl playing schoolteachers. Then applause, the brisk, busy return to her seat; the chairman's appeal to "send Lady Megan back to West*minister*"; a shout of encouragement from the auditorium and the candidate trips to the edge of the stage, waves and smiles; and the applauders and the applause drift out into the black, drizzling night. A man runs on to the platform. During her speech he has written a Welsh poem in praise of Lady Megan. "Read it to me," she says. He declaims it and is rewarded with a smile so dazzling that he is clearly stunned. "Isn't that lovely," says Lady Megan to me, "he's written me a poem." Her eyes are wrinkled-up with delight; the whole face clenched in a fist of gaiety.

Outside in the rain, it's handshakes all round. People have come a long way to see the famous daughter of the fabulous man. A miner shakes her hand for two whole minutes saying over and over again: "Well, well, well, Megan Lloyd George, *shwd i chwi, merch?*" The smile is now impish and disappears only when a woman asks her to autograph a snapshot of David Lloyd George's grave at Llansteumdwy. Beside the car another little crowd waits to shake hands, on some faces that wrapt, detached look of men who intend to mention, in passing, to grandchildren that they shook Lady Megan Lloyd George by the hand. "What did you say?" "*Hwyl fawr.*" "And what did Lady Megan say?" "*Diolch yn fawr.*"



Driving the 16 miles back to Carmarthen Town, slowly—"I've had one accident and don't want another"—I reflected that, before this difficult, tense campaign began, some of her friends had been whispering that she wouldn't take much part in the struggle. After all, even if she doesn't look it, she *is* 54. This *is* her seventh campaign. And the constituency *so* large, too, *so* tiring. Between ourselves—knowing, informed and wrong—Lady Megan won't be doing very much.

There are tales of tempestuous arguments between candidate and agents over arranging the fixture-list of 100 meetings. Lady Megan likes her own way; but so, if less dramatically, do agents. But whether or not she wanted to take so furiously active a part as she did, she did. That evening, like all the other evenings, except Sundays, the car left the hotel at 5.30 for the journey into the interior. Already there had been a lunch-time meeting with farmers from the "bible-black," whisky-golden county; interviews by journalists ("I'd love to ask *you* a question"); and the, at first, speculative and then gradually confident working-out of an attitude for a speech about defence.

In the car a series of fluent statements in reply to questions about things Welsh, industry, the Liberal Party and then, in the middle of somewhere, her first meeting, applause for the entry of the gladiator from 60 people, half of them men, nearly filling a small hall with its tiny stage. "A few words" from the chairman . . . "great honour and privilege . . . bearer of a great name . . ."; a speech in Welsh about Suez and coal lasting 25 minutes, cheers, handshakes; outside again, sympathy expressed for a wet dog and away on the seven-mile journey to the next chapel vestry, discussing the effects on the county finances of the new equalisation grant. At this hall—high on a hill, anthracite small-coal on the path, a horse champing the grass in the graveyard—people sat on window-sills and stood on the steps outside in the cold. Scheduled to speak for 15 minutes, Lady Megan spoke for 30 in her best form; better even, I thought, than at Carmarthen Market Hall on Aneurin Bevan's night, the occasional sentence in cut-glass English interspersing the Welsh of the north; passionate about the "criminal folly" of Suez, now ironic and now angry about the Tories, the stabbing finger a revolver-barrel firing-off the rhetorical questions. *Pwy?* . . . *Pwy?* . . . *Pwy?* (Who? . . . Who? Who?). A Nationalist asks a question in the form of a speech and Lady Megan answers with such sweet earnestness that the absurd but persistent image of the little girl reciting a poem of her own composition returns.

In the car the driver, very stern, said: "We're over half an hour late." "Oh, but I couldn't leave them. They were so wonderful," the full blaze of charm directed at the driver. He glowed. A brief dissertation on *Titus Andronicus*; on her bi-lingual dog; on national feeling's not being Nationalist feeling; and then another crowded hall. Dissident notes here. The unspoken question was articulated, not directly, as on another night ("Why have you sold your birthright?"), but unmistakably: "Tell me, Lady Megan, what party did you belong to when you voted for the nationalisation of coal?" The answer, slow and firm: "I am a radical, like my father before me. The Liberal Party is no longer the home for radicals. The home for radicals is the Labour Party. You say I have changed. It is not *I* who have changed."

We were late leaving there, too. It was while *en route* along unlit lanes to the fourth meeting that Lady Megan gaily expressed her fatigue. It had been midnight when she returned to the hotel the previous evening; it was to be midnight the next evening. And even though it was only to be 11.15 this evening, there was to be a discussion, over a lager, of agriculture until 12, the candidate still absorbing and providing information, all her faces in turn appearing, while I at half her age was being counted-out by sheep. But it was while the car was slowing down outside hall No. 4 and the committee-men were sprinting from shelter through the rain that Lady Megan asked the great question: "Why do I do this? Tell me, why do I do it?" A minute later the applause, the quick laughter for the joke and then the grave, attentive faces for the denunciation of Suez.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Fleet Street Notebook

JUST how much political influence do newspapers—and more particularly popular newspapers have—anyway? It is an undoubted fact that for good or ill (and whether it determines the way they vote or not), the average man and woman's impression of what politics are about is shaped largely by what he or she reads in the newspapers. With this as a starting point three members of the staff of Manchester University, A. H. Birch, Peter Campbell and C. G. Lucas, set themselves some time back to make a detailed content analysis of the popular newspapers during the 1955 election. Their report has now been published in *Political Studies* and they have very kindly sent me a copy.

The first thing that emerges is the comparatively small amount of space that most popular newspapers consider it worth devoting to politics even during a general election. The *Mirror* and the *Express*, which between them account for some one and a half times as many readers as the whole of the rest of the popular press put together, considered the general election throughout the whole of an intensive four weeks' campaign worth no more than 5.7 and 5.4 per cent. repectively of their total news space. The paper to take the election most seriously as news was, as might be expected, the *News Chronicle*, which gave it 13.3 per cent. of its total space. The *Herald* was next with 12.7 per cent. The *Mail* and the *Sketch* gave it respectively 9.1 per cent. and 6.7 per cent.

To what use was this on the whole somewhat niggardly amount of space put? For the purpose of their analysis Messrs. Birch, Campbell and Lucas have divided election material in these newspapers into three categories, editorials, commentaries on the progress of the campaign, and reports of speeches and party statements. In every instance editorials and commentaries accounted for the major part of the space given to election coverage, with actual reports of speeches by party leaders and of official party statements coming very, very far behind. Out of the 6.7 per cent. of its total news space devoted to the election the *Sketch*, for instance, gave 46 per cent. for editorials, 40 per cent. for commentaries. Out of its 5.7 per cent. the *Mirror* allocated 40 per cent. to editorials and 23 per cent. to commentaries. The others set less store by editorials—or perhaps considered them better used for less contentious matters—and concentrated on commentaries; 69 per cent. of the 5.4 per cent. of its total space given to the election was, in fact, allocated by the *Express* to commentaries, only 6 per cent. to editorials. The balance in the *News Chronicle* was very

Who on earth can save?

'Save . . . save . . . save! That's all you hear these days. I ask you, who can save?'

'We all can, George. And we do; through our life assurances. And so do at least 10 million British families — through Home Service Insurance'.

'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?'

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

'Really? You astonish . . .'

'And these savings are now increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 a year, which I think you'll admit is pretty good'.

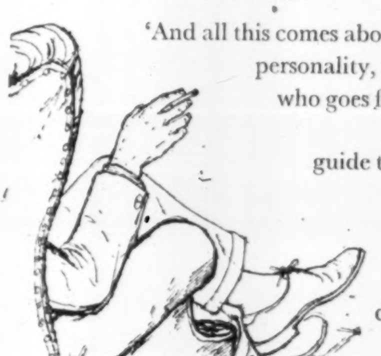
'Yes — but . . .'

Faulkbourne

'And all this comes about through that well known personality, the Insurance Man, who goes from home to home collecting premiums, paying claims, and generally being counsellor and guide to these 10 million families who look on him as a personal friend'.

'Yes — but how . . .'

'You may think that all this has nothing to do with the kind of insurances you and I hold. You couldn't be more wrong. The Home Service Insurance Man also does a substantial proportion of the "ordinary" life assurance business in this country, as well as a lot of fire and accident insurance. All in all, George, as an instrument of our economic survival, the Insurance Man is doing a good job of work'.



10 million families save through

HOME SERVICE INSURANCE

CP 44

Issued by The Industrial Life Offices

much the same, 66 and 8 per cent. respectively. The *Herald* gave 11 per cent. to editorials as against 40 per cent. to commentaries; the *Mail* 10 per cent. as against 55 per cent.

What is interesting and may well surprise many, even its own readers, who tend to remember its jibes more than its straight reportage, is that the *Express* shares with the *News Chronicle* the distinction of being the least biased of the popular newspapers in its commentaries on the election. Just over 61 per cent. of the election material it published in this form (62.3 per cent. in the case of the *News Chronicle*) was, the authors of this report find, politically neutral and without any obvious bias either way. This compares with 44.3 per cent. for the *Mail*, 27.4 per cent. for the *Sketch*, 27 per cent. for the *Herald* and 23.3 per cent. for the *Mirror*.

What of the reporting of speeches and party statements? Here again both the *Express* and the *News Chronicle* show up well, with a pretty fair balance between both sides. Only the *Sketch* and the *Herald*, comment Messrs. Birch, Campbell and Lucas, "can be fairly accused of ignoring election news coming from hostile sources: each of the other papers gave a good deal of space to the major parties to which it was opposed". Only the *Daily Sketch* "made a systematic effort to slant news from a hostile source so as to give it the bias of the newspaper." Bias in editorials was, of course, much more evident. It is significant, however, of their own view of the nature of the influence they are capable of exercising, that all the popular papers except the *News Chronicle*, which on the whole adopted a neutral attitude, tended to concentrate more on the defects of the other side than the virtues of their own. The *Daily Sketch* devoted 37.6 per cent. of its total election news space to dealing in sharp terms with the defects of the Labour Party; found 2.6 per cent. adequate for dealing with the virtues of the Conservatives. The *Mirror* reversed this. It gave 36.8 per cent. of its space to the frailties of the Conservatives, only 0.9 per cent. to enlarging on Labour virtues. The *Herald* required no space at all for Labour defects, 7.2 per cent. of its space for those of the Tories. Only the *Herald*, the *Mail*, and the *News Chronicle*, it appears, bothered very much about the domestic and international issues involved, and the *News Chronicle* stood alone in trying to give its readers the material on which to judge for themselves between conflicting programmes. The *Mirror* concentrated almost entirely on personalities. The *Express* treated the matter as a sporting event in which it was not itself much involved. This, no doubt, is what it means by the claim, currently printed each day at the top of its leader column, to be the paper that "Puts the News in Perspective".

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Life of
RICHARD STAFFORD CRIPPS
by
COLIN COOKE

"As a man he had few equals in ability or virtue."
SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL

With Portraits 30/- net

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
Warwick Sq., London, E.C.4

Press Day at Lord's

ARCHÆOLOGISTS, digging near the Garden of Eden, found a tablet which dated almost from the beginning of mankind. They deciphered it eagerly. It read: "Alas! The times are not what they were!" Those who today complain that cricket is slower than it used to be will not, therefore, be surprised to find that spectators said the same thing in 1880. Though this was a little before my time, I well remember the Wars of the Roses in the Twenties, when 200 runs in a single day was not merely fast but loose, and when Emmott Robinson, caught in the slips through trying to score, was sternly rebuked by Wilfrid Rhodes: "Nay, Emmott! Trying fancy cuts at thy time of life!"

But today's slowness is more serious than it used to be. Years ago, county cricket spectators were passionately partisan. They wanted their side to make runs but were content if it did not get out. They wanted opponents to get out but were content if they did not make runs. They were sustained through long periods of negative cricket by positive hatred of the opposition. Today partisanship has subsided. My grandfather pulled down the blinds when Yorkshire was defeated and thought that "Lancashire" was a ruder word even than "Conservative" or "Roman Catholic." But today Yorkshiremen are no longer content to watch any old cricket provided it is played by Yorkshire. Partisanship persists only in test matches with Australia. If, in other matches, the cricket is dull, possible spectators purse their lips and stay away.

The player may not hear those echoes in the empty stands. For him it is enough, perhaps, to play in the unseen company of all those who have loved cricket as he does. But the club secretary has no use for ghosts. They do not pay at the turnstiles. So the M.C.C. has had to look for some way of bringing live spectators back to Old Trafford, Trent Bridge, Bramall Lane and Lord's. Its plans are not new—many of them are borrowed from the League cricket of the north—but they are interesting; and the most spectacular is to limit a side's first innings to 85 overs.

In recent years a side which won the toss has tended to dig in on the first day. "We'll wear out both pitch and bowlers, then give 'em hell in the fourth innings," has been the motto. As a result, Saturdays and early-closing Wednesdays, when there were likely to be the most spectators, provided the dullest cricket. Most of the excitement came on Tuesdays and Fridays before a handful of slightly shamefaced, straw-hatted parsons. The new plan may at least give first-day spectators the chance to see both sides batting and both sides going for runs. But that will depend on the captains; and it is obvious that gamesmanship may creep in.

Imagine the new rule being in force when Dr. W. G. Grace is captaining Gloucestershire against, say, a Somerset captained by some idealistic and inexperienced young amateur. "Well, my boy," says the Doctor, "I hope we're going to play this match in the right spirit, eh?" "Rather, Doctor!" Grace wins the toss and Gloucester hits 250 against a Somerset attack which bowls up to the batsman and at the wicket. But Somerset, in its turn, can manage only 90 for three. The Gloucester men have consistently bowled well outside the off stump to a packed offside field. "Bad luck, my boy," says Grace, preparing to go in again with a lead of 160; "I'm afraid our lads were a little too accurate for you today." We can only wait to see whether modern cricket captains are gentlemen, whether they have the grace not to be Grace.

The other spectacular plan is a knock-out competition, to run simultaneously with the championship. In football, 50,000 people will stand on each other's toes to watch a cup-tie between two sides which, in a League match, would not attract 10,000; and the same may happen in cricket, with fate, dependent on a single match, adding one more uncertainty to the game's glory. In place of the dreary Champion County *vs.* the Rest, we may get a cup final, with the September sun drawing together the season's shadows into mellowed but glorious intensity.

Just to talk and think and write of such things at the end of February is to feel the hot sun on the back of one's neck. One may doubt the pear trees in bud or the swallow on the wing. But when a press conference is called to Lord's, one knows that spring is here. The M.C.C. stand before us as the heralds both of brighter cricket and of brighter skies. Few would wish to say anything but thank you; and yet . . . I hope that nothing in their changes will take away some of cricket's exquisitely fine delights.

Those shorter boundaries . . . I remember how the great Rhodes would toss one up to a slogger and see the ball soar into the pavilion, how he would toss the second one up, an inch shorter, and again see it soar into the pavilion, how he would toss the third one up, two inches shorter still, and see it soar straight into the hands of a fieldsman on the pavilion rails. Don't make it too easy for the Goths!

That limit on the number of on-side fieldsmen, . . . I have seen Laker's off-break glance from the bat away to leg and seen Tony Lock swoop. Bowler surprising bat, fieldsman dissolving space, in one movement of combined gracefulness! Do not put the quick-eyed in blinkers so that the heavy-footed may have time to move. This quest for runs . . . do not forget that one of cricket's greatest moments was at the Oval in 1926 when Hobbs and Sutcliffe, on a wearing pitch, against Australia's fiercest attack, opened England's last innings and, through the shadowy half-light at the fag end of a day, kept it intact for the brighter morning.

One other point. I once said to P. G. H. Fender: "Did you ever get hurt batting in glasses?" "Hurt?" he said. "Certainly not. I had a bat." New rules would not be necessary if modern batsmen had bats, too.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

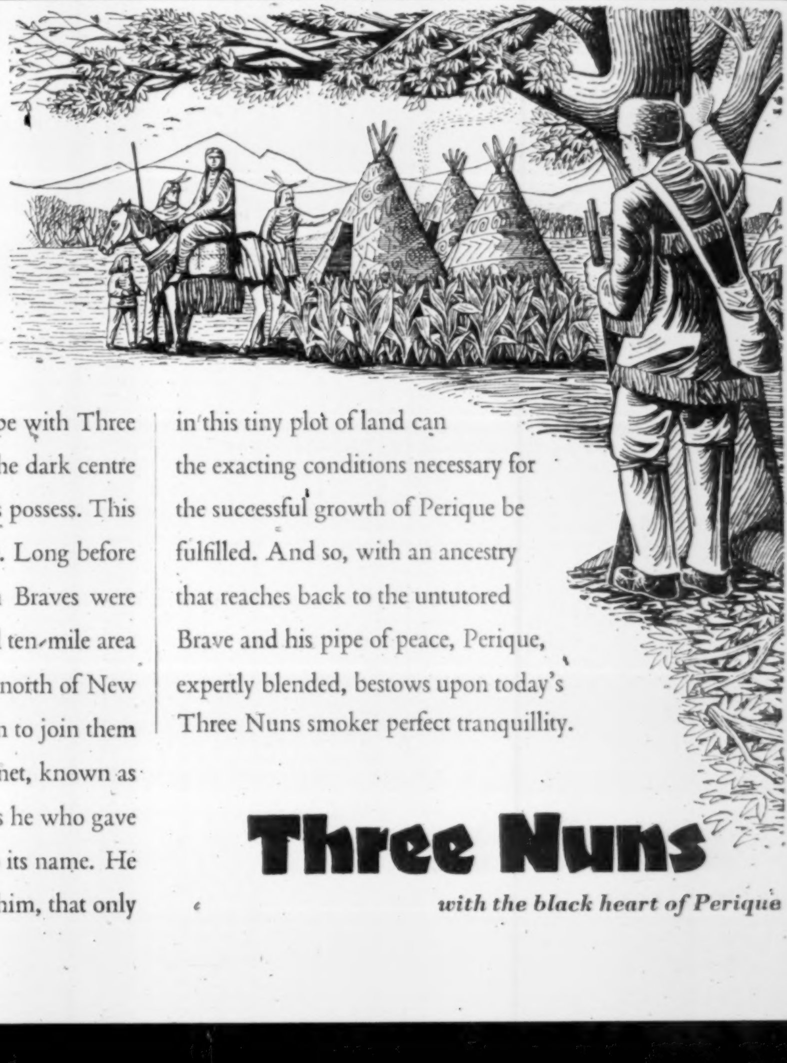
The name of the month derives from Mars, the Roman god of war. The Saxons, more prosaically, called it Rough Month (Hreth Monath), which seems to indicate that the climate hasn't changed as much as one might think.

Because in March the hare sheds a few inhibitions, is it altogether fair to label him 'mad'? Others welcome the spring with equal abandon, yet incur no similar slur. Even *homo sapiens* is not entirely blameless. Go down among the boat-race crowds at Putney; drop in to your local Cup Tie; or watch the man next door laying up for himself lumbago in the garden—what, one wonders, would the hare think of all these goings-on? But let us not forget, as we mark the coming of Spring, that the season is notably one for planning, for looking ahead. And, if your own plans concern the future welfare of your dependants, the most profitable way for you to celebrate the Spring is to take counsel now with the . . .

MIDLAND BANK
EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE CO. LTD.
Head Office: 6 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. 2

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

Perique—the subtle secret of Three Nuns



When next you fill your pipe with Three Nuns Tobacco, consider the dark centre which those curious curly discs possess. This is the black heart of Perique. Long before the Boston Tea Party, Indian Braves were cultivating Perique in a small ten-mile area not more than 50 miles north of New Orleans. The first white man to join them was Pierre Chenet, known as 'Perique', and it was he who gave this unique tobacco its name. He found, like others after him, that only in this tiny plot of land can the exacting conditions necessary for the successful growth of Perique be fulfilled. And so, with an ancestry that reaches back to the untutored Brave and his pipe of peace, Perique, expertly blended, bestows upon today's Three Nuns smoker perfect tranquillity.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TOBACCO
Three Nuns
TOBACCO

TN33 B

The Arts and Entertainment

Simplicissimus

Carmina Burana is the first of three "scenic cantatas" written by the Bavarian composer, Carl Orff, between 1936 and 1951. It is based on the lusty multilingual poems of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages discovered in the Monastery of Benediktbeuren; its two successors, *Catulli Carmina* and *Trionfo di Afrodite*, have classical texts, both drawn mainly from Catullus and left in the original Latin or Greek. It is slightly surprising, and a tribute to his sincerity, that Orff should have left these linguistic obstacles to the popular comprehension of his works; for his musical simplicity is deliberate. He believes, with some justification, that the art of music has become too difficult and too complex for the general public; and in his effort to catch and hold the attention of an unsophisticated audience he has thrown overboard almost all the devices of thematic development, modulation, decorative embellishment and counterpoint on which composers have traditionally relied. Observing that nothing captures the public so readily as a constantly reiterated rhythm, Orff tends to establish at the outset of his brief choruses a straightforward oom-pah four-in-a-bar rhythm, and thereafter to plug it with a persistence that would not disgrace Bill Haley. He has a slight melodic gift, but no fertility; as we leaf through this German Students' Song Book we discover a few rather taking tunes, and many more that just pass as laid out, with some charm and ingenuity, for several soloists, large and small choir, and an orchestra rich in the more jingly kind of percussion. It all goes with a swing; in the staid atmosphere of the Festival Hall we seldom have such a beano. Listening to *Carmina Burana* is rather like spending the night in some Bavarian Youth Hostel, with tremendous dollops of wurst and beer, uproarious *Schuhplattler* jollity and sweaty Lederhosen boisterously slapped. Not to find it all too stunning is to seem a prig. And suddenly, in the midst of the rumpus, there comes a small inspiration: a girl's ecstatic song of surrender, "In trutina mentis dubia", melodically more complex than usual and with an affinity to plainsong, though the accompaniment is still of the simplest. After this, it is with a bump that we return to the chorus "Oh, oh, oh, totus floreo," which is just a four-square plugged hit-number, first cousin to "De Campdown Races."

There is admittedly a kind of congruity between Orff's naive musical style and these salty verses, themselves so lively and naive and seemingly artless, swinging from late Latin to old German or old French, from honest smut to vernal joy. In fact, of all the Orff works which I have heard *Carmina Burana* is by far the most likeable. In the latter parts of the trilogy, the finely tempered verses of Catullus are ill matched by a treatment which has, perversely, grown coarser; these two works, and the opera *Antigonae*, have much less melodic content, and rely on a progressively cruder use of obsessional repetition—occasionally repetition of a single note to a point that had not previously seemed conceivable. Sometimes we get the impression that Orff will do anything to avoid the labour of actual composition: Catullus and Lesbia declaim their private sentiments in fortissimo bouts of spoken declamation, and the *Trionfo di Afrodite* ends with the bridal couple yodelling at each other and the soprano soaring up well past Queen of the Night level in a sort of swanee-whistle effect that has to be heard to be believed. This gross stuff, however, has many admirers; recordings have swept America, and the composer has been about equally popular in the Third Reich and in Western Germany today, where Wieland Wagner is said to have contemplated the production of the newest Orff opera in the holy temple of Bayreuth itself.

Orff's trilogy is reputed to gain much from stage presentation, and I am inclined to think that Michael Tippett's opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, would gain even more if we could experience it in the dark and in some impenetrable tongue like Finnish. Certainly Covent Garden has made the worst, scenically, of a difficult job. We have to perceive the strange fantasies, half noble, half absurd, that filled the composer's mind through the mirage of some maniac holiday camp, with the chorus men disguised as fearful ruffians in beige and brown sacking, and the chorus ladies merrily thudding across the stage in Ideal Home dresses with dreadful diagonal sashes. It is a sight at which even the bravest heart may quail, and it certainly does much to lessen the impact of the music in the two outer acts, in which sheer inspirations like the heroine's radiant song in Act 1 after her descent from the stratosphere, or the wonderful transition to dawn in Act 3, are embedded in much that is contrapuntally busy and ineffective. The second act, however, is altogether magical. Here the chorus is scarcely in evidence, and we are free to enjoy a succession of ravishing nature-music (including that of the three ballets of the seasons, which, however, deserve better choreography) and of music for the secondary couple, Jack and Bella, in which Tippett has subdued his natural luxuriance and complexity to a delightful ease, simplicity and warmth. There was a new and attractive Bella in Jeannette Sinclair, and a new King Fisher in Howell Glynne, who with the aid of his natural exuberance and (perhaps symbolic) flashy blue waistcoat turned that pasteboard tycoon into a character so human and likeable that the plot suffered a further wrench in the direction of total unintelligibility.

The whole opera is full of misdirected genius, and it is hard to see how it can survive in any ordinary repertory. What then can be done to preserve the best of it? To begin with, Act 2 should be recorded in full. Divorced from Barbara Hepworth's glumly angular set, the glowing beauty of the music would make many converts.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Drambuie

THE LIQUEUR

Drambuie

YOU PREFER

Drambuie

TO BE OFFERED

Drambuie

The Primitive Cottage Feeling

"WHATEVER you do," wrote young Samuel Palmer in one of his notebooks, "guard against bleakness and grandeur, and try for the primitive cottage feeling." Almost half of Palmer's early works of his Shoreham period (c. 1825-35) are being exhibited at present by the Arts Council in St. James's Square, together with a handful of works by each of the young men who formed part of his circle at this time. Palmer's work has not been seen in such large quantities since the exhibition of his work organised by the Victoria and Albert just over thirty years ago. In the meantime he has gained a new historical importance through his influence on a large group of contemporary painters, and part of the interest of the present exhibition lies in the fact that one can see clearly the extent to which Palmer can claim to be the father of the neo-romantic school of painting which arose in England in the late nineteen thirties and forties. Paintings like *A Hilly Scene* clearly excited John Piper, while many of the sketches in black ink and the water-colours, with their hot, overcharged colouring, are close in mood to works done by Graham Sutherland during the early years of the war. *Coming Home from Church* points ahead, in another direction, to much of Stanley Spencer.

Precociously gifted, Samuel Palmer is typical of a large number of English artists, who as young men have struck a vein of lyricism in their work and have then spent the rest of their lives trying, often in vain, to find some new direction for their art. As a student, Palmer knew the work of Turner, Dürer and many other great artists, but felt compelled to retire into the country, abandoning any attempt to acquire a more thorough technical discipline, in order to give expression to his own intense and visionary feeling about nature. As with so many English painters, this vision was romantic and poetic; indeed, Palmer was influenced, ultimately, more by literature and poetry than by other painting. Many of the sketches are inscribed with quotations from Milton; he read and re-read the Bible, was intimately familiar with the writings of Bunyan and St. Theresa, and could recite by heart long passages from Shakespeare and Keats. Blake, who was probably the most important single figure in his artistic life, influenced him as much spiritually as pictorially, by confirming him in his mystic approach to the world. This is not to say that his painting is purely literary or descriptive; one has only to compare the work of some of the other artists in his circle, painters like Calvert and Richmond, with Palmer's *Young Man Yoking an Ox* or his *Hopfield* to realise that his talents were primarily pictorial. On the other hand, the fact that his inspiration was more poetic than visual is one of the reasons why his career as a truly creative artist was so brief. After his youthful sensitivity and intensity had been blunted, he found himself with no resources on which to draw, and degenerated into an eclectic and mediocre artist.

Nevertheless, early in his Shoreham period Palmer did execute a few carefully detailed studies from nature, which were of tremendous importance in his development. Two of these, studies of trees, are included in the exhibition and they mark the transition from his earlier more primitive and synthetic works, like *Late Twilight*, to the series of small paintings and sketches which mark the climax of the exhibition and, for that matter, the climax of his career. In these Palmer succeeded in creating a new and intensely real vision of the world. The best of them, like *The Bright Cloud* and *The Harvest Moon*, have a quality of cosmic stillness and growth that lifts them far above any mere English primitive cottage feeling. Yet the charm of these works lies largely in the fact that one senses that they were the result of a kind of vision that was too intense and over-ripe to be sustained for long. The seasons never change; it is always harvest time. There is perhaps even an element of inhumanity about this Eden, where fruit trees burst into clumps of blossom as solid and as heavy as cauliflowers and peasants glean by moonlight or wade, waist-deep, through fields of wheat. It would be absurd to claim that Palmer was a major English artist; even the very small wood engravings by Blake, which are shown in the exhibition, are grander and more imaginative. But one has only to turn to the work of the people around him to appreciate the extent of Palmer's originality, and the uniqueness of his contribution to English painting. There is, however, one surprise in the room dedicated to the work of these other men: Linnell's *Itchin Ferry: Sunset*, which must be accounted one of the minor masterpieces of English landscape painting.

The Indian paintings from Rajasthan, also on view at the Arts Council, are from an important private collection in Calcutta. The exhibition is particularly significant since this is the first time that Rajput painting has been seen in this country in any great quantity. The difference between Rajput painting and the better known Mughal art can be seen by comparing any one of the first paintings in the exhibition with the later picture of Raja Sawant Singh of Kishangarh seated on a heap of lotus petals, feeding a betel leaf to his love, the poetess Bani Thani, a work executed under Mughal influence. Whereas Mughal painting is lyrical, highly refined and more decorative and naturalistic, Rajput painting at its most typical is much more stylised, direct and virile. Rajput painting is, moreover, highly literary and symbolic, and many of the paintings were designed to illustrate specific Hindi or Sanskrit texts. For this reason the exhibition can be fully appreciated only if one is willing to take the time to study the iconography of the paintings. The catalogue is excellent and there is an exceptionally helpful preface by Mr. W. G. Archer, of the Victoria and Albert Museum; Mr. Archer's relation of the paintings to Indian poetry is especially illuminating. The symbolism is largely sexual and erotic, and once one has caught on to the general idea it all seems quite simple and straightforward. Generally speaking, the earlier, seventeenth-century examples from each region seem to be the boldest and the most original in design, but some of the eighteenth-century paintings are decoratively superb.

JOHN GOLDING

A Hateful Play

The Master of Santiago, which Mr. Donald Wolfit is now presenting at the Lyric, Hammersmith, only works (if I understand the play and its author, Henri de Montherlant, aright) if it is played for the full nastiness that lies at the heart of it, if it reaches the very outermost verge of the unendurable. M. de Montherlant seems to me to be a man who, out of a romantic exaggeration of the importance of his own aristocratic origins, loathes and despises the rest of us to a fanatical degree. His strength as a writer is derived from the lengths to which he is prepared to go in insulting his women and blackening his men. Sympathy is the last thing that he wants to evoke for any of his characters. If we identify ourselves with them, it is not with our generosity or our affection or our pity, but with that part of us which wants to fly out at human nature and kick it in the teeth and stamp it into the ground.

This play opens with a meeting in the sixteenth century in Spain of one of the now virtually disbanded Orders of Chivalry, the Knights of Santiago, at the house of their Master, Don Alvaro. The crumbling walls of his Hall of Honour are bare; the Knights as they assemble on this snowy day are offered for refreshment pure cold water. The Master is a fanatic of the old school; the Spain of today is degenerate. The Knights have come to urge on him the advantage of the new colonialism. They want him to join them in the Indies where fortunes await the bold; and he trounces them for their materialism. Not by rapine and conquest did Spain become great. Any exploited Indian is better in the sight of God than a swashbuckling Spaniard, however noble. And he drives them out as unworthy of the purity of an Order which he alone can now truly represent ("I tolerate only perfection").

Don Alvaro has a daughter, Mariana, whom he utterly despises, treats with a disgraceful inhumanity, and who deeply admires him in return. One of the other Knights, Don Bernal, has a son who is taken with Mariana and Don Bernal is prepared to marry this son to her, if only the Master will give her a sufficient dowry. But the Master is proud to boast that he has nothing now to give her at all. What he once had has been given away, and he is not going to imperil his mortal soul to get her money whether by joining in the Indies expedition or any other way. He calls in his daughter and shamefully humiliates her in front of Don Bernal.

Don Bernal, sorry for her, forms a little conspiracy. An emissary from the young king is expected the next day to persuade the Master to join the expedition. What arguments shall he use? Let him, the daughter suggests, tell the Master that the King orders his presence in the Indies because he (the Master) alone is a worthy representative of the true Spain; then the Master, touched in his pride, may agree to go; a fortune may accrue and the marriage take place. The girl lights up at the hope of a little happiness at last instead of the narrow dreary life she leads with her fanatical father. And when the emissary arrives and falls in with the plot, the zealot

GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK HONEYDEW
RUBBED OUT
GALLAHER LTD. BELFAST & LONDON
TO OPEN INSERT COIN IN RECESS UNDER LID
GALLAHER'S
RICH DARK HONEYDEW
FLAKE
GALLAHER LTD. BELFAST & LONDON
IN RECESS UNDER LID

RICH DARK HONEYDEW

TOBACCO

a splendid blend

4/10 PER OZ. • FLAKE OR RUBBED OUT

How is your memory?

Do you sometimes forget to pay the insurance premium on the date due, or the mortgage repayment at the proper time? If you have a bank account your problem can be solved by asking the bank to make the payments for you. This is only one of the many useful services available on the favourable terms with the C.W.S Bank.

C.W.S BANK

P.O. Box 101
MANCHESTER, 4
London Office:
99 LEMAN ST., E.1
SUB-OFFICES:
KINGSWAY and
WESTMINSTER

Please send me your illustrated folder with terms of accounts, etc.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

....

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

takes the bait; his true merits are at last being recognised. But Mariana cannot bear to see her father being tricked and confesses to the arrangement. This gives the father his chance: he is himself planning to retire from a world he hates and despises to a monastery and, in a scene which the author has himself likened to the playing of a matador with a bull, he pricks on the penitent Mariana the promise to abandon with him forever the world she has never yet known the pleasure of.

This, then, as I see it, is a truly horrible play giving its disdainful, hate-filled author yet another chance to lash us all from the heights of his absolutism. An English cast finds it difficult to get this kind of uncompromising fanaticism across to us. No English actor, not even Mr. Wolfit, can bear to be wholly repulsive to an audience and so he must emphasise the "nobility" in his character when he can find it, and get one's sympathy there. And instead of being a study of intolerable pride, raging imperiously in a man who revels in his misanthropy, the play becomes a series of arid and not very original disputations culminating in a wholly unconvincing conversion. Whether I am right or wrong about the real meaning of the play, I'm sure it wasn't meant to be just that.

But within this, to me, rather tepid reading of the play Mr. Wolfit gave a performance of great assurance and command. Some of the other casting is less happy. If it is to be a battle of disputation the opposition must have an almost equal weight with the Master. Miss Mary Pat Morgan, touching, charming and fresh in the few moments when she hoped for happiness, had all the same that irremediable modernity about her accent and her gait which young English actresses don't seem able to avoid; this made her conversion even less credible. Mr. Wolfit and his Advance Players promise us another de Montherlant to succeed this one, *Malatesta*.

T. C. WORSLEY

First issue
just published

The YEAR BOOK of
Technical
Education
& CAREERS
IN INDUSTRY
1957

Full, reliable and up-to-date information on the facilities for scientific and technical education, the careers open in industry, and their prospects.

Every place of higher technical education is detailed, the nature and duration of specialist training is indicated, and firms providing organized schemes of training are listed.

Authoritatively edited by H. C. Dent, this new year book should serve the national need to recruit into industry a greater proportion of the more highly educated. 25s. net

A. & C. BLACK

Unfair to Humanists?

SEVERAL echoes reached me of a recent contribution to the sound-radio series, *Dear to my Heart*, which is broadcast every Monday evening at 8 in the BBC's Western regional service. I have obtained a copy of the script; and, since this talk was heard only in the West and probably by a minority of listeners there (it coincided with *The Goon Show* and with a TV broadcast from a Paris cabaret), it seems worth digging it up for the information of a wider public.

The speaker on this occasion was Sir Richard Acland, of whom little has been heard since he retired from crusading against the A-bomb at Gravesend to the comparatively tranquil task of teaching in a secondary school at Wandsworth. Each speaker in this series chooses his own subject: Acland chose to make his talk an attack on the BBC policy on religious broadcasting. He accused those responsible for this policy of "timidity"—since they "shelter Christianity from healthy and invigorating criticism"—and of "unfairness in virtually excluding the views of large numbers of serious citizens who do not believe in God."

This view has been borne in forcibly on Acland by his experience as a schoolmaster, which he described thus:

> Every Tuesday from 11.40 to 12 o'clock in term-time there is a broadcast to sixth forms under the general title of *Religion and Philosophy*. There they sit, some thirty to forty bright young men of the rising generation, all in their smart magenta blazers, some of them sporting prefects' badges, one or two in the back row writing up their physics notes (but let that pass). And I am one of two or three masters who sit in with them to answer questions or to try to start up a few hares if discussion hangs fire when the broadcast is over. Well now, in a series called *Religion and Philosophy* you would expect to hear about Christianity from Christian speakers. But there are other religions and philosophies in the world, and you'd expect to hear about some of them too. Perhaps not very much about Confucianism or Zoroastrianism, which may be somewhat remote. But after all, here in our midst, there is a widely supported religion or philosophy called humanism. The humanists believe that all the forces needed for the ennoblement of man and society are to be found in man himself. . . .

He went on to point out that those sixth-form boys "know perfectly well that this humanism, in one form or another, is in fact the philosophy of somewhere between a quarter and two-thirds of the masters who teach them." On the ordinary principles of democracy, he argued, humanism discussed by humanists ought to have its fair place in a series called *Religion and Philosophy*. In fact, it is never mentioned except by Christians concerned to refute it—which is rather like allowing Toryism to be discussed on the air only by Socialists, or *vice versa*.

Acland is himself a Christian. To him, humanism seems "shallow and old-fashioned." He made it clear, therefore, that he was not pleading only for free speech for humanists because it seemed undemocratic to deny it to them. He also expressed his conviction that this BBC policy was doing positive damage to Christianity. His sixth-form boys, he believes, "have an underlying feeling that there is somehow something rather fishy about all this." He spoke of the significance of the title of the film, *Rebel without a Cause*, of "lucky-jimmery" and "outsidesmanship," and then he added:

> We must not be surprised, then, to find that, for young men and women, if authority plugs something, then *prima facie* there is something wrong with it; if authority excludes something, *prima facie* it is rather alluring.

Fifty years ago, he thought, silence, the absence of vigorous discussion, may have been on the side of the Churches. Today it is "on the side of materialism and the kind of harassed couldn't-care-lessery which is in fact the religion of the great majority of our people." So it is as a proselytising Christian, believing in what he calls twenty-first century Christianity, as well as on ordinary democratic grounds, that Acland denounces the existing policy.

That policy is indeed slightly more liberal than it was when it was first laid down, under Reith, that religious broadcasts were to be within the "main stream" of Christian orthodoxy. The furore that followed Mrs. Margaret Knight's broadcasts in 1954 would have been unthinkable ten or twenty years ago, simply because the broadcasts would not have taken place. I remember being deeply shocked, some years ago, when a then Governor of the BBC, not himself a Christian, told me that he would fight to the death against the broadcasting of a single word that could "upset the faith" of the simplest believer.

Things are rather different now. Both on sound radio and on the more compulsive medium of television, humanists often take part in, for instance, such discussion programmes as *The Brains Trust*—often, too, without a Christian to state another point of view. (One BBC producer recently lamented the difficulty of finding for such programmes articulate Christians, *not of the Left*!)

But this liberalisation has not yet spread to schools programmes of the kind which provoked Acland's broadcast. This is not the fault of the BBC's Religious Division or Schools Advisory Council, both of whom work within the limits of the policy laid down for them.

It is at least to the BBC's credit that Acland was able to make his protest.

TOM DRIBERG

Two Touches

ONE bland, cunning, and heavy with years; the other ageless, quick, personal. There are critics who pretend that style does not and cannot exist in the cinema, but I assume that they visit films such as *The Wrong Man* and *La Traversée de Paris* with eyes and ears, for all practical purposes, closed.

The Wrong Man (Warner's) is Hitchcock's. I am a Hitchcock fan; gradualness does not in itself repel me. There are as many ways of creating tension in films as Kipling once claimed for tribal lays—nine and sixty, was it? Hitchcock's is the very slow-looming. Sometimes it massively succeeds, sometimes sags, more often falls between. *The Wrong Man*—haven't we had enough men, dead and leading, odd and out, third, fourth, and so on?—is a betweener. It breaks new ground for Hitchcock by being taken direct from life; "every word is true," says the Master himself, advancing in silhouette along a beam of light to address us. (This also is innovation, since customarily he slips in, or overlaps, as a background mute.) But of course every word is *not* true: there's dialogue by Maxwell Anderson and Angus MacPhail *ad lib*. However, we agree to be taken in, providing only that the taking is convincing enough.

And it almost is. To begin, there's the supper place with the band, and the packing up, and the bass (Henry Fonda) going home. Something dreadful is going to happen to him, because the music and the lighting say so. He catches a late underground train, plays at racing results in his paper, has toast and coffee in a bar, comes back to a wife (Vera Miles) and two small boys. They're pressed for money; the domesticity isn't, as Hitchcock domesticities go, bad; and the threatening music goes on.

At long last the blow falls, with a visit to an insurance company, where he is misidentified as one who had staged two holdups—the "wrong man." He is picked up by the police, taken for questioning, stood up in a parade, finger-printed: the finger-printing has all the agony of the thumbscrew, tension having returned after some flagging. All the circumstances of charging and imprisonment, and the ill-luck that may dog an innocent man, are relentlessly impressed. He must face trial, his alibis must break down, his wife goes off her head: no doubt, that is as it was in fact, but with Hitchcock the tale of woes exerts intermittent pressure. Now it holds tight, now lets go. But what it has really let go is that "taken from life" look, of which from America we have had splendid examples. Hitchcock fact looks like Hitchcock fiction; and in this case, despite an excellent performance by Henry Fonda, Hitchcock of the not quite first order.

With Claude Autant-Lara's *La Traversée de Paris* (Academy) I am glad to be able to report complete success. Here the light sardonic touch, with poetic promptings, has recreated Paris under the Occupation. This is, by the way, the first film, grim or gay, that has done so in my experience; and the hardship, like the humour, strikes fresh. A blind musician sits on the Métro steps playing the Marseillaise, and gets tipped by a German officer; a breadshop opens and closes before a tenth of the queue has been served; horse vehicles and velo-taxis flit through the streets; *jour sans alcool* says the notice-board in a bar serving wine; the enemies' police headquarters are in Louis XV's palace; curfews and air raids and soaplessness add a tang. But the whole thing hangs about a pig slaughtered and to be carried in four suit-cases across Paris (*la traversée*). Two men, an ex-taxi driver (Bourvil) and a painter (Gabin), the tetchy and the robust, set out on their night journey which is as luring to the eye as it is explosive with comedy. They pass the Zoo where the famished wolves howl; they are followed by dogs; they meet policemen and slip into doorways from patrols. Their adventures are very funny; and of the comic pair, if we like Bourvil more and Gabin less, it may be that we haven't seen nearly enough of Bourvil before. The story comes from Marcel Aymé and makes no pretence of being true. But to take only one point, how much better the French simulate a love life! The few moments of endearment, quarrel, making-up, and forgetfulness make short-cuts to a reality quite beyond Hitchcock's plodding into domesticity.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

WHAT IS BRITISH SOCIALISM ?

SIR,—Just as many British Socialists are surprised to discover that there is a good deal of economic planning and social reform in the United States, so Professor Homan seems puzzled but pleased to find that Mr. Crosland is a Fair Dealer in exile. Of course, in practical terms, there is a good deal in common between contemporary Labour policies and the objectives of American liberals. For one thing, both employ neo-Keynesian assumptions and techniques in guiding a mixed economy towards greater stability and social justice—both objectives being desired by electorates which remember the great depression and the grosser forms of inequality. Nevertheless, I believe Mr. Homan to be too complacent about American success in what he calls "the central economic purpose of Socialism—that of abolishing poverty." Despite the New Deal and the Fair Deal, the distribution of income within the U.S. has remained substantially unchanged over the last three decades. In fact, the proportion of families living at or below "maintenance level" is approximately the same as it was in Roosevelt's first term, while the percentage of money income received by the top five per cent. has also remained constant.

This, however, does not dispose of Mr. Homan's central argument. He believes that we are fooling ourselves by insisting on the "Socialist" label. Why not admit that we are either Fair Deal Democrats or millenialists like G. D. H. Cole? I suspect that Mr. Homan has spent too much time reading Mr. Crosland and too little reading the sordid history of British capitalism in the last fifty years. While it is true that we have no cut-and-dried definition of a Socialist society, and that we have no clearly defined means of achieving it, it does not follow that we are all deceived by mumbo-jumbo. On the contrary, the strength of the Labour Party in this country has followed from the fact that it has been an alliance between "Socialists" and the trade union movement. This has saved it from the fate which has befallen more "doctrinal" parties. Within that alliance, it has been the job of "Socialists" to restate the original assumptions of the party in terms of current needs and objectives, and it would be foolish in a period of relative stability to advance a programme appropriate to a period of social crisis. The assumptions remain true. The first job of a "Socialist" is to defend the living standards of the working-class—which happens to be a majority of our population—by opposing such measures as the Rent Bill, cuts in the social services, high interest charges and so forth, just as the trade unionist struggles to maintain real wages on the industrial front. That is what the alliance means in practice. But it also involves more positive measures to consolidate social gains and ensure the more equitable distribution of the national income. That means progressive taxation, social legislation and public ownership, with all the consequent changes in the property relations and the educational system that will produce new and more desirable relations between people, and between the people and the institutions which serve them.

JEANNE MACKENZIE

5 Branch Hill, N.W.3.

[This is one of a great many letters we have received on this subject. In our next issue the Rt. Hon. John Strachey, M.P., contributes an article replying to Professor Homan.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE FIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY

SIR,—I am disturbed to see that in his otherwise excellent article on Slavery (*N.S. & N.*, Feb. 16) Mr. Brian Carney takes for granted that of the pilgrims leaving French Equatorial Africa and the French Sudan, 10,000 were sold into slavery during 1954. Mr. La Gravière, a member of the Assembly of the French Union, has put forward a "Proposition" asking for a further inquiry into the fate of the French colonial citizens who do not return when going East for the pilgrimage. It is generally

South Africa
(Serving the Rhodesias and Nyasaland)
Fortnightly Service to and from
CAPE TOWN · PORT ELIZABETH
EAST LONDON · DURBAN
LOURENCO MARQUES
AND BEIRA

FOUR NEW "CITIES"
NOW IN SERVICE

"City of Port Elizabeth"
"City of Exeter"
"City of Durban"
"City of York"

These ships represent a notable advance in design, amenities, and perfection of detail. Superb accommodation for 100 passengers

Passages periodically available by cargo vessels to Egypt, East Africa, India and Pakistan: also via Canada and the U.S.A. to Far Eastern ports and Australia

ELLERMAN LINES
Head Office: 12-20, Camomile Street, London, E.C.3
West End Passenger Office: 29-34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1

CITY of DURBAN

You will appreciate the quality of this grand tobacco

Its rich, mellow flavour and pleasing aroma is the result of expert blending of carefully selected, high quality leaf. A truly genial tobacco—supplied in
BROAD OR MEDIUM CUT

EXMOOR HUNT
THE MIXTURE OF DISTINCTION

4/4 OUNCE PACKET
8/8 2-OZ. SNAP VAC. TIN

EX 17 H

EXMOOR HUNT
MIXTURE
BROAD CUT
EXMOOR HUNT
BROAD CUT
BROAD CUT

believed that a very great many remain in the Sudan either on their way to Arabia or on their way back. In the same way the population of Tunisia has been very greatly increased by pilgrims from Morocco and Algiers who settle in that country. The ultimate destination of these people needs more inquiry before one can be sure how many remain in Arabia. The French Ambassador at Djeddah in reporting to his government in November, 1953, estimated the number of natives of French West and Equatorial Africa sold annually as slaves to be "a few hundred perhaps."

Brian Carney and the NEW STATESMAN have done a great service in giving publicity to this and other forms of the traffic in slaves and I am so very grateful to you for this, that I am reluctant to point out any points on which I might hold opinions rather different to those of the author. May I, however, make one small alteration in fact. Mr. Henry J. Tapscott is chairman of the Executive Committee of the Anti-Slavery Society and not one of the permanent staff.

THOMAS FOX-PITT,
Secretary

The Anti-Slavery Society.

SIR,—In his article "The Fight Against Slavery" in your issue of February 16, Mr. Brian Carney said that sham adoption by prostitutes of girls is practised in Malaya. I would like to point out that, though this practice prevailed many years ago, recent legislation, in particular the Children and Young Persons' Ordinance, 1947, has successfully suppressed this practice.

Adoption orders under the Malayan Adoption Ordinance are made by the courts only after satisfactory reports have been given by officers of the Department of Social Welfare, who normally act as guardians *ad litem*. The Children and Young Persons' Ordinance of 1947 makes it compulsory for anyone having the care of transferred children to register such children with the Department of Social Welfare, and the officers of the Department of Social Welfare supervise all these children to ensure that they are not brought up for immoral purposes.

The Chinese custom of sham adoption of children for the purposes of bringing them up as unpaid domestic workers (*muitsai*) has also been successfully suppressed in Malaya, through legislation introduced before the war and the active implementation of the law by social workers.

MOHAMED SOPIEE,
Information Officer for Malaya in
The United Kingdom

Malaya House, W.C.2.

WAS MALTHUS RIGHT?

SIR,—Dr. Goodhart's excellent article on Malthusian theory (*N.S. & N.*, Feb. 16) discusses the *genetical* influences that affect human fertility. He shows that those human populations which, like animal populations, are limited in numbers by such factors as the food supply, disease, predation or strife with other members of the same species, may be selected for a relatively low fertility; and he concludes that there is no reason to assume that human numbers must always increase rapidly in the absence of widespread birth control or disaster such as famine.

This argument may well be valid; but it leaves out of account a major feature of human behaviour, namely, its plasticity regardless of the particular genetical make-up of the individual or the group. As Dr. Goodhart himself points out, in the past hundred years in western Europe there has been so drastic a decline in fertility that a rapidly increasing population has been transformed into a nearly stationary one. This cannot be due to genetical change: it is a cultural phenomenon; today, we are brought up in an environment which encourages family limitation, even though we could presumably still produce many families of a dozen children if we cared to try.

Even in primitive conditions customs have been evolved which keep populations within certain limits: infanticide is the most notable example. Today, we have better ways of achieving the same object. It is true that our willingness to adopt methods of birth control, and our ability to use them, must be influenced by genetical factors as well as environmental ones; but there is every reason to think that the human species is now in a position to emancipate itself from population control by the usual biological agencies; this is a consequence, not of any selection for some special genetical make-up, but of the general human capacity to learn from experience.

Glasgow University. ANTHONY BARNETT

TRADE UNION SEATS

SIR,—Your article on trade union seats dealt cogently with the problem of the diminishing part played by trade union sponsored candidates. Your call to the unions to sponsor better candidates will, if heeded, materially help the problem. A greater willingness by the unions to sponsor candidates in marginal constituencies, which are in greater need of full-time agencies and other financial benefits than safe seats, would benefit the unions as well as the party as a whole, since marginal seats will return Labour members when the party next obtains a majority.

Further, trade unions should sponsor younger candidates. Newly elected sponsored M.P.s or sponsored M.P.s re-elected after a period out of parliament are consistently older when elected than similarly elected unsponsored M.P.s. In the 1945 General Election the average ages on election were 49 and 44 respectively and these averages were exactly the same in the General Election of 1955. The M.P.s elected in the ten years between these elections were slightly younger in both cases, but the difference remained about constant. The average age of similar Co-operative Party candidates has fallen consistently to about the unsponsored M.P.'s average.

By the time a sponsored M.P. has gained experience in opposition, on government back-benches and in minor office, he will often be too old for higher office, whereas an unsponsored M.P. will have an advantage of five years. Unless, therefore, trade unions sponsor younger candidates, their M.P.s will not play their full part in the process of government.

Nuffield College,
Oxford.
F. R. OLIVER

A NICE LITTLE AGGRESSION

SIR,—I refer to Mr. Crossman's review of *Sultan in Oman*, by James Morris. A number of over-simplifications of the background history in Mr. Morris's text might have misled any reviewer lacking special knowledge.

Mr. Crossman quotes Mr. Morris as showing, first, that the "legal basis of the Sultan's claim to Oman was very dubious," and, secondly, that "the war was launched in order to restore British prestige and enlarge the British controlled area so as to include Fahud" (the Petroleum Development [Oman] drilling site). At the most moderate I should describe these as serious distortions of what Mr. Morris actually wrote. Apart from this, let us look at the facts. The authority of the Muscat royal house over Oman has been exercised for over 200 years and recognised, either specifically or by implication, in treaties dating back to the 18th and 19th centuries with Great Britain, France, United States and more recently with India in 1953.

In 1913, tribal disturbances in the interior resulted in the election by certain tribes of a spiritual functionary known as the Imam. This office, which had once been held by the Sultans themselves, had been in abeyance for over a century, but the new position was regularised by the Sultan under the agreement made at Sib in 1920. The Sultan then accorded the Imam in addition to his spiritual functions certain temporal authority which amounted to a limited form of local autonomy over such of the tribes as were signatory to this agreement.

Successive Imams recognised their dependent status and in correspondence were accustomed to refer to the Sultan as "Our Lord the Obeyed King." When called upon as a loyal vassal to provide troops for the Sultan's projected expulsion of the Saudis from Buraimi in 1952, Khalili, the Imam of the day, immediately did so with both enthusiasm and good will. It was not until after May, 1954, when Ghalib came to power on Khalili's death, that independence for Oman was even mooted. At that time the Saudis were at Buraimi and it was in the Saudis' interest to secure a foothold on the Muscat side of the Arabian desert. A puppet state under their control with the new Imam at the head would have been highly advantageous to Saudi plans. As Mr. Morris points out on page 25 of his book, "through it (Buraimi) passed the Imam's gold and arms from Saudi Arabia."

The new Imam swallowed the bait, issued his own passports, allowed an Egyptian to act as his "ambassador" in Cairo and proceeded to arm his tribesmen against his overlord. The Sultan had, therefore, no choice but to assert his own position. This he did with his own forces. Virtually without opposition he suppressed a secessionist movement by a treasonable vassal. Had he not been known to be pro-British in his sympathies the Sultan's action would scarcely even have been called in question.

Mr. Crossman's second assertion is equally un-

Allenburys Pastilles
MADE FROM GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANTS
Manufactured in England by
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD
LONDON E2

For your throat...

Allenburys

PASTILLES

Made from Glycerine
and Blackcurrants

In tins
From all Chemists

1/9

AP4K(R)

Made by Allen & Hanburys Limited, London, E.2

founded. Mr. Morris himself makes it clear that the supposed oil area at Fahud lies in the territory of a tribe that was not even signatory to the Sib agreement and therefore by no stretch of the imagination under the authority of the Imam. Moreover, as oil operations had been going on in Fahud under the Sultan's authority since immediately after Ghalib became Imam, the occupation of the site can scarcely have been, as Mr. Crossman suggests, one of the prime objectives of the campaign. When Mr. Crossman speaks of "British-controlled area" I presume that he refers to the area allotted to a "British" concession: the Sultan, of course, an independent sovereign. There are two concessionary oil companies in the territories of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, Petroleum Development (Oman), Limited, and Cities Service. The former (a subsidiary of I.P.C.) has American, French and Dutch participants in addition to the British, while the latter is 100 per cent. American.

W. R. Hay

Causeway House,
Radipole, Weymouth.

[R. H. S. Crossman writes: "I am grateful to Sir Rupert Hay—as to Mr. Kelly whom you published last week—for walking through this Arabian grove and recognising one or two of its trees with such *expertise*. If he could only step a few paces back and see the wood as a whole, he would realise that what I wrote was a fair description of the picture Mr. Morris painted."—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

PARTITION OF CYPRUS

Sir,—May I be allowed to correct the assertion in your leading article of February 9 that partition of Cyprus "would mean the forcible transfer of a large section of the Cyprus population"? The Turkish view recently expressed by Prime Minister Adnan Menderes is that "the emigration of Turks and Greeks to their respective areas must not be a compulsory one."

As to the economics of the problem: it is clear that *any* alteration in the *status quo* in Cyprus—*including the cession of the island to Greece*—must affect the high standard of living at present enjoyed there; but need we really fear what your leader writer sweepingly described as "the disruption of the island's fragile economy"?

No actual line of partition has yet been officially suggested. But assuming, as seems likely, that the Turks would be allotted an area in the north and/or the east of the island, while the Greeks retained the south-west, then the Greek section would, in fact, contain three-quarters of the island's wealth, together with all the necessary means to exploit it.

The Mt. Troodos copper and asbestos mines, with their specialized loading ports, all the best vine-growing districts, their factories and distilleries, a fair share of the island's citrus plantations and almost all the forests would become Greek The Turkish section would be poorer: but, lying so close to Turkey, it could easily be supplied and supported from the mainland.

Thus, after partition, the Greeks would receive most of what was materially worth having on the island, and certainly more than enough to support the 370,000 Cypriot Greek inhabitants, while the Turks would obtain security—for themselves and for Turkey—which has always been their main objective.

I believe, therefore, that anyone who takes the trouble to weigh the facts objectively will soon realise that partition—which your leader stigmatises as "a ludicrous and shocking operation"—would in reality provide a more humane solution of the Cyprus problem than any so far suggested. Certainly it would be more humane than the imposition of the principle of self-determination to the island by simple majority vote which would inevitably result in the subjugation of one community by another, while at the same time endangering the whole security system of a nation.

If there is to be self-determination it must be self-determination for all, as required by Articles 73 and 76 of the United Nations Charter. No other solution could ever bring peace to the island or to the Eastern Mediterranean as a whole.

M. A. Pamir,
Press Attaché

Turkish Embassy,
43 Belgrave Square, S.W.1.

GREEK PRISONERS

Sir,—I have read with all due attention the letter by Mrs. Betty Ambatielos, published in your Feb. 16 issue. May I now be allowed to raise certain points. It appears that Mr. Tony Ambatielos is serving a sentence imposed by a Greek court as a result of his subversive political activities. The only means, therefore, of securing a revision of his sentence would be an appeal through the proper legal channels. It is exactly in this spirit that the present Greek government, which is undoubtedly a liberal and democratic one, has taken the necessary steps to set up special committees investigating each case on its own merits. As a result of the activities of these committees set up by specially enacted law, a large number of cases are being revised, and numerous political prisoners are being released while, in certain instances of miscarriage of justice, innocent people have had their civil rights restored. I am sure that even the most ardent Communist cannot deny that, as a result of this law, the total number of those in political detention has been steadily and rapidly decreased.

The fact that, as Mrs. Ambatielos admits, numerous political detainees are transferred from their prison in Corfu in the hospital of Athens, is ample evidence of the fact that the Greek government does everything in its power to protect the health of the detainees by allowing frequent medical inspection by doctors of the Greek Red Cross.

From the two or three instances mentioned by Mrs. Ambatielos one would draw the inference that the Greek government has been suppressing all those opposed to it. In fact, there are very few hard-core Communists still in prison, while a complete freedom of the press prevails. It is possible to buy newspapers and magazines of the extreme left, while Greek citizens of every political opinion can visit the U.S.S.R. and the Iron Curtain countries. In certain cases, extreme left-wing candidates have been elected as mayors and municipal councillors.

Mrs. Ambatielos' return visit to Greece and inspection of existing conditions is ample proof of political freedom in my country. Since, however, she appeals to humanitarians to help people in Greece, including children, I hope she will raise her voice in support of thousands of Greek mothers who are still demanding the return of their children, forcibly abducted by the Communists during 1946-50.

M. Cosmetatos,
Minister Plenipotentiary

Royal Greek Embassy,
34 Hyde Park Square,
W.2.

O.K. FOR ANGST?

Sir,—I cannot imagine that anyone will take seriously Mr. Shawe-Taylor's comments, implied or explicit, on my article in *The Listener* ("The 'Modernity' of William Walton," February 7). Allow me, however, to affirm: (1) that I am not an *Angst*-man; (2) that I wrote myself in the article in question that Dr. Adorno's concept of *Angst* required "sharper definition"; (3) that I suggested *Angst* acquired sense in relation to specific composers, i.e., "The general situation . . . develops from the particular—from the 'actual musical make-up' of the composers concerned"; (4) that I offered in *The Listener* a reasonably detailed argument (I really can't repeat it all here) relating *Angst*—the context clearly qualified the term—to Walton's individual works, an argument Mr. Shawe-Taylor neither answers nor appears to have assimilated; (5) that I like Britten's music as much as he does (as, indeed, he knows well enough), not only the, in his sense, *Angst*-free *Spring Symphony* but also the anxious *Sinfonia da Requiem;* (6) that I was quietly amused to find that almost every point he made in favour of Walton's Cello Concerto I had made myself in *The Listener*, in advance of the first English performance.

Mr. Shawe-Taylor thinks the piece masterly and inspired. I don't. He seems to suggest that my adverse judgment is the result of swallowing "dangerous half-truths." But my argument, that he so consistently ignores, did not prevent me from picking out what appear to have been, to Mr. Shawe-Taylor's ears, the Concerto's assets, a fact that proves, I should have thought, that I do exactly what Mr. Shawe-Taylor thinks I didn't: stick to "what really matters, the actual musical virtues or failings of the work before us." I didn't miss the virtues; and my article, concentrated on Walton's "actual musical make-up" throughout, accounts for its failings. Mr. Shawe-Taylor must admit that I selected the Concerto's virtues. Had he applied himself more closely to my article, he might have spared himself the error of seriously over-estimating them.

Donald Mitchell

3 Churton Place,
S.W.1.

[Desmond Shawe-Taylor writes: It was not Mr. Mitchell's personal assessment of Walton's new work that my article questioned, but a general hypothesis about modern music put forward by Dr. Adorno and apparently in the main accepted by Mr. Mitchell, with certain reservations over Dr. Adorno's definition of his terms. By the way, I did not call the Concerto "masterly and inspired," but "a very beautiful and shapely work"; which is not quite the same thing. —Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

START TODAY
Let your Savings earn
4% **Free of Income Tax**
Interest from day of investment.
No depreciation of capital.
Prompt and easy withdrawals.
Write to the Secretary for the Society's free "Guide for Investors."
The Home of Good Security
ST. PANCRAS BUILDING SOCIETY
200 Finchley Road, N.W.3
(Swiss Cottage 2000)

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Barbary Gibbon

In the two thousand years between Thucydides and the Renaissance there are two, perhaps only two, great philosophers of history. Both were Berbers, born a hundred miles from each other in North Africa. Devout believers in different religions, they were impelled by the political disasters around them to seek the meaning of history and give it a new philosophical dimension. St. Augustine was moved by Alaric's sack of Rome to write his *City of God*, and he revised his last works in Algeria with the Vandals at his gate. Nearly a thousand years later, from a castle in the Little Atlas, Ibn Khaldoun looked out over a similar desolation. The nomads and the Black Death had ruined the Maghreb. "Once the whole of this country was populated from the Roman Sea to the land of the Blacks. Now almost everywhere there is nothing but abandoned plains, empty wastes, and desert . . . *God inherits the Earth, and He is the best of inheritors*." Such was the mood in which he wrote his great *History of the Berbers*.

Like many great historians, Ibn Khaldoun was a pessimist. He had tried politics and failed; but the attempt had enlarged his observation and the failure had sharpened his thought. He had sought, like Socrates and Plato, to be the educator of tyrants, but like them he had found his pupils incorrigible. So from the courts of Tunis, of Fez and of Granada, he had retired to this castle of Taour'zourt and there, for three years, had studied and digested the history of the Islamic world. How trivial its previous historians seemed to him, with their anecdotes and exaggerations, their lack of philosophy or purpose or comparative method, their failure to see the essential continuity of history! When Ibn Khaldoun looked around him, he felt the need for a new and deeper interpretation. "When the universe is being turned upside-down, we must ask ourselves whether it is changing its nature, whether there is to be a new creation and a new order in the world. Therefore today we need a historian who can declare the state of the world, of its countries and peoples, and show the changes that have taken place in customs and beliefs." Ibn Khaldoun determined to be that historian. He had discovered, he thought, "the secret which had eluded everyone else." He had "devised a new method of writing history, a new science, as remarkable for originality of interpretation as for the extent of its usefulness: a science which I have discovered after long research and profound meditation." It transcended even the science of the Greeks, even Plato, even Aristotle. "It was divine inspiration," says Ibn Khaldoun complacently, "that led me to this undertaking, showing me a new science and making me the custodian and faithful interpreter of its secrets."

Of Ibn Khaldoun's originality there can be no doubt: it is shown by what seems to us his "modernity." This fourteenth-century Berber stands out from his contemporaries and seems one of ours. He is a modern social scientist who found the "essence" of history in that social organisation and social dynamism which underlies the "accidents" of political change, and who sought to penetrate and analyse that essence. But he was also, as Dr. Muhsin Mahdi emphasises*, inseparable from his own contemporaries. He was an intellectual conservative in the classical Arabic tradition, a devout believer who sought a *via media* between the strict and the liberal interpretation of the Law. Though he applied rational criteria, he was not a rationalist. Life, to him, was bounded by miracles. Its purpose was ultimately religious. Therefore, even in intellectual matters, dogma must always come first. Wisely the Prophet forbade the rational examination of his truths: such an exercise, says Ibn Khaldoun, is but "a gorge in which the mind wanders without avail."

Nevertheless, though he started from these premises, Ibn Khaldoun saw a large field for rational investigation. His religion, if it limited his steps, also guided and strengthened them: for it elevated history, making it, instead of mere secular diversion, an essential part of the divine work, to be approached, like Nature, with circumspection and a sense of "grave moral responsibility." Mishandled, it might lead men to disaster; correctly understood, it might teach wisdom to governors. It might also explain why Ibn Khaldoun, in spite of the best intentions, had failed in politics. Could it be that the impersonal laws of history were set against him?

It could indeed. For having deduced those laws, Ibn Khaldoun saw that the civilisation around him was sick unto death. A cultivated aristocrat, he knew well that civilisation is essentially a product of settled cities. Only in great capital cities, where a resident court, a large population and a rational division of labour create wealth and opportunity, can such luxuries as art and science thrive, softening manners and adorning life. But when he looked at the cities of North Africa and Moslem Spain, what did he see? Only petty tyrants levying punitive taxes on a people rotted by past luxury. How different from the great civilisation of Damascus or Bagdad under the Caliphs or of Fatimid or Mameluke Cairo! Something had gone out of this urban life: something that could still be found among the nomads of the desert, barbarians though they were. Ibn Khaldoun hated the nomads, whom he knew so well. When he writes of them, he writes sometimes with a burning detestation. The "Arabs" to him are the destroyers of all civilisation, the enemies of all arts and crafts, "of all people the least fit to rule." Nevertheless, reluctantly he allows their virtues. They are aristocratic, self-reliant, frugal; and above all they have, in embryo, that elixir without which civilisation is impossible: *asabiyya*—that "public spirit" or "social solidarity" which transcends the ordinary bonds of kinship and clientage and which can create the civilisation which then, alas, dissolves it.

Asabiyya is the key-word in Ibn Khaldoun's philosophy. *Asabiyya* is generated in the desert, never in cities; but it takes a Prophet to generate it. The Israelites in Egypt were a slavish people: the Prophet Moses had to keep them forty years in the desert to breed up a generation which possessed it and, possessing it, could build up a state. It was in the desert that the Prophet Mohammed conjured up the *asabiyya* which inspired his incredible conquests, that the Mahdi of the Almohads found the force to overthrow the rulers of Barbary and Spain. But what happens once the conquest is over? Prophetic power may perhaps preserve that spirit; but even prophetic power tends to turn into secular power, caliphs and imams into sultans and kings. At first the new rulers are civilised by the great cities they have conquered: while the *asabiyya* lasts, the two forces are in harmony. These are the golden ages of civilisation—which, however, hold in perfection but a little moment. For soon the spirit is dissolved, rotted away by luxury and court-life, bureaucracy, taxes and the irreversible process of change. For the process is quite irreversible. "Several rulers, men of great prudence in government, seeing the accidents which have led to the decay of their empires, have sought to cure the state and restore it to normal health. They think that this decay is the result of incapacity or negligence in their predecessors. They are wrong. These accidents are inherent in empires and cannot be cured." "Sometimes, when an empire is in its last period, it suddenly shows such strength that we think its decay is halted; but this is merely the last flicker of a candle that is going out." So the rotten state languishes until a new barbarian conqueror pounces on the unresisting prey.

Is there then no hope? No, says Ibn Khaldoun, there is none. The stages of decline are invariable, infallible, predictable. And yet sometimes he seems to offer an escape. For why, he asks, has civilisation proved so much stronger in the East than in the West, in Persia and Iraq, Syria and Egypt than in the Maghreb? And he answers that the East has a settled urban civilisation which had thrown such deep roots that it could continue under successive conquerors. How was it then, we ask, that such civilisations acquired such strength? But Ibn Khaldoun does not answer. He is the historian not of the East, but of the Maghreb. So he answers only for the Maghreb, which had no such settled civilisation under the successive thin crusts of Roman and Arab domination. The two urban poles of the Maghreb had always been Córdoba and Tunis, but neither really belonged to it. Córdoba was Roman and now Christian again; Tunis, as Ibn Khaldoun remarked, was a colony of Cairo.

It was to Cairo that he retired after writing his great work. He had had enough of the desert, the "Arabs," and he spent his last twenty-five years in that magnificent metropolis, a teacher, a judge, a courtier under its Mameluke sovereign. He sent for his wife and family and wordly goods, but all were lost by shipwreck on the way. He travelled at last to Eastern Islam, to Mecca, to Jerusalem, to Damascus. At Damascus, while the city went up in flames, he was lowered from its walls and conveyed to the tent of the invading war-lord; and so the great doctor of Islam, who had begun his diplomatic career as ambassador to Peter the Cruel of

---

* *Ibn Khaldoun's Philosophy of History.* By Muhsin Mahdi. *Allen & Unwin.* 30s.

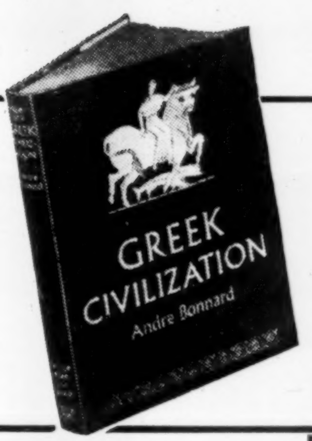
Castile, ended it by a *tête-à-tête* with the Terror of the World, Tamerlaine.

What of Ibn Khaldoun's *History*? It is a wonderful experience to read those great volumes, as rich and various, as subtle, deep and formless as the Ocean, and to fish up from them ideas old and new. Sometimes he seems marvellously precocious, as when he deals with the division of labour, the social origins of wealth, the distinction between the form and substance of history. Often we are struck by his maturity, his capacity to see good and evil in the same thing: his disdain for the corruption of city life, which alone he recognises as civilised, his admiration for the primitive simplicity of the nomads whom he detests as the destroyers of culture. Always he brings us back to the nomads with whom he had lived, among whom he had written, from whom he was to flee. Suddenly, in a few brief sentences, he can re-create their whole life; their camels, their vigilance, their self-reliance, their long, incessant journeys, their bare pastures, and themselves, "the fiercest of men, whom the townsmen regard as wild beasts, ungovernable beasts of prey."

How truly he understood the Arab world! There, indeed, as he wrote, "the past and the future are as like as two drops of water," and the history of Morocco or Arabia, even in the twentieth century, still illustrates his theme: the puritanism of the desert, triumphant, converting itself into urban royalty and then rotting with luxury, bureaucracy and taxes. But it is well to remember his limitations. He was a philosopher of history, not a universal historian; and though his great genius, addressed to his narrow field, drew therefrom profound reflections, they were not and could not be of general application. He missed—it was outside his field—what was to be the most vital factor even for Arab history.

For although Ibn Khaldoun wrote of the civilisation of cities, he had never, at that time, seen a European or even an Eastern city. He had been to Castile, but Castile neither was nor is Europe. To him a city was a sultan's capital, which lived by the court and died with it: a city with a large and varied artisanate, but without independent economic life and, above all, without civic spirit—for his *asabiyya* was a spirit of the desert aristocracy, or of the prophet and his élite: in cities it must inevitably perish. Ibn Khaldoun might admit the possibility of "settled urban life" in happier lands, but he did not pursue this fertile path. He had seen the merchants of Europe who came to the Barbary ports and had marvelled at their wealth and splendid way of life; but he never conceived the character of the cities which had sent them forth. And yet it was these cities which were ultimately to invalidate his rules. For they were cities whose life was quite independent of courts and sultans, which did not consist of a mere artisanate, and which had an urban patriciate with an *asabiyya*, a civic solidarity of its own. In the end it was not a new rural dynasty that was to pounce on the rotten civilisation of Islam. After many revolutions, the cycle of history was suddenly broken. It was broken by the mercantilist states of Europe, the heirs of those mercantile cities of Italy whose character had never been envisaged by the Philosopher of the Maghreb.

H. R. Trevor-Roper



"A brilliant piece of work—the best popular introduction to Greek civilization, I almost think that I have ever read"—
Professor J. A. K. THOMPSON
Illustrated 30*s*.

Book Society Recommendation

The English Woman in History
LADY STENTON makes a unique survey of the position of Englishwomen in the society of their day from the earliest times to the beginning of the century. *Illustrated* 35*s*.

In Defence of Colonies
SIR ALAN BURNS, ". . . a valuable, constructive, and much needed piece of propaganda."—*The Times* ". . This book is timely and successful in its subject and treatment, and deserves a wide success." *Scotsman* 25*s*.

Classical Theatre of China
A. C. SCOTT, author of *The Kabuki Theatre of Japan*, traces the historical development of the Peking theatre and makes a detailed analysis of technique, costumes and plays. *Illustrated* 30*s*.

The Seven Odes
A. J. ARBERRY. Composed in the Arabian desert during the sixth century, the Seven Odes have never before been satisfactorily translated. Professor Arberry prefaces his vigorous yet sensitive version with an introduction to each ode. 25*s*.

BYZANTIUM: Its Triumphs and Tragedy
RENE GUERDAN vividly reconstructs the city in all its splendour and misery and explains the ideas and institutions that dominated the history of the Empire.
Book Society Recommendation *Illustrated* 30*s*.

Revelation and Reason in Islam
A. J. ARBERRY reviews the conflict within Islam between Revelation and Reason and examines the attempts made by theology, philosophy, mysticism and authoritarianism to resolve the dilemma. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Soviet Secret Services
DR. OTTO HEILBRUNN discloses the full part played by the Soviet Secret Services in the last war and shows how conventional warfare is modified by the large scale deployment of civilans in espionage, infiltration, subversion, sabotage and partisan warfare.
2nd. Impression 18*s*.

Faith and Logic
A group of Oxford philosophers and theologians discuss some of the problems raised for Christian belief by contemporary analytical philosophy.
Edited by BASIL MITCHELL 21*s*.

Kwame Nkrumah
BANKOLE TIMOTHY traces Nkrumah's life from his childhood in the Gold Coast to the battle for independence that he fought and won. The author is well known in his own country and England as a shrewd and vivid reporter of the West African scene.
2nd. impression Illustrated 16*s*.

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN

Serenade

A heart is something like the stone
Where your unrusting head is laid.
But whose initials, sculpted there,
Shall scare your waking eyes to note
The solitude is wide and bare?

Prints in the desert end with you.
They fit your feet and yours alone.
From the horizon to your bed
The sandy track is marked your own.

Sleep on—the world is all your own
Except the letters on the stone.

JAMES REEVES

"Great Hatred, Little Room . . ."

The Easter Lily: the Story of the I.R.A. By SEAN O'CALLAGHAN. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

The Indivisible Island. By FRANK GALLAGHER. *Gollancz.* 21*s.*

The emotional appeal of the I.R.A. today is to the seediest sort of saloon-bar Fascist: the man who hates coloured students who walk out with Irish girls, Englishmen who buy Irish estates, and his Irish social superiors who talk with English accents and can afford to drink cocktails in the Shelbourne Hotel. It appeals to the man eaten by prejudice, by envy, by the sense of failure, to the thug. In 1934, when Mr. O'Callaghan joined the I.R.A., things were different. The I.R.A. was fighting up and down the country with General O'Duffy's Blue-Shirts, who had the backing of the clergy and most of the police, and who wanted to establish a clerical-fascist dictatorship. Mr. de Valera's private political police, the "Broy Harriers," waged impartial war on Blue-Shirts and I.R.A. When the Spanish Civil War broke out, many of O'Duffy's men went out to join Franco, many of the I.R.A. to fight for the Spanish Republic. That was when Mr. O'Callaghan resigned and joined the National Army: "The clergy, of course, were already against us, but now they would have a real reason to attack us."

Mr. O'Callaghan describes a dying Blue-Shirt who had recently flogged a girl at a cart-tail and driven her mad. His section leader, Bill, a martinet, a militant atheist, an ascetic and a non-drinker, threatened to shoot any man who offered him comfort. A brave Blue-Shirt girl flung herself across the dying man's body and whispered the Act of Contrition: Antigone defying Cleon. The I.R.A. men bowed their heads and took off their caps. Only Bill, sneering, lit a cigarette; and flicked the match in the dying man's face. Later, the I.R.A. contingent flogged the surviving Blue-Shirts within an inch of their lives, stripped the Blue-Shirt girls—with typical Irish delicacy, only to the waist—and burned their blouses. The scene combines beautifully the heroic, the brutal, and the squalidly comic. Mr. Graham Greene could not do it better, or worse. . . . And how far was it all necessary? And how far were the English, who would like to be smug about it, indirectly to blame?

It is hard to be sure. In its great days, from 1920 to 1922, the I.R.A. under Michael Collins was a body of brave and desperate men fighting for Ireland's very existence against the Black-and-Tans. Because de Valera refused to accept the treaty signed in 1921 by Michael Collins and Arthur Griffith, the remnant of the I.R.A. that did not go over to the Free State plunged Ireland into Civil War. Collins was murdered. Kevin O'Higgins, whom Yeats thought the finest intellect in Irish politics, was murdered. And when de Valera went into straight politics in 1927, a large remnant of the I.R.A. refused to back him and remained as "stirrers-up of strife." Mr. O'Callaghan was present at that skirmish with Blue-Shirts and also at the execution of an informer and the murder of a policeman. Even after the Civil War was "over," there remained a good deal of "liveliness."

How far are we, in England, to blame? Mr. Gallagher in his clear and well-documented but very partisan book insists that by encouraging the separatism of Northern Ireland we have also kept the I.R.A. in being. He points out that there have been periods, like 1798, when Northern Presbyterians and Southern Catholics have united in the cause of Irish independence. But his account of the behaviour of the Protestant ruling group in Ulster—their occasional panic violence, their perpetual discrimination against the Catholics—tells against any theory that Ulster Protestant separatism was an ingenious invention of, say, Lord Randolph Churchill. The fear of domination by a majority of an alien faith—and in Ireland, as in seventeenth-century England, a man can still hate the smell of another man's religion—can be a very real fear. And Mr. O'Callaghan's account of those Southern Irish priests who condoned Blue-Shirt atrocities, refused I.R.A. men Christian burial, and seemed to be utterly unaware of the existence of any deadly sin but lechery, suggests that the Ulster Protestant fear of Catholic dominance is not wholly irrational. What does seem clear is that Ulster Protestants are at least as unlikely as any other set of Irishmen—as the I.R.A. itself, say—to yield timidly to violence or to accept, acquiescently, the status of a conquered people. It is growing friendliness between both parts of Ireland—and the forgetting of old sores, which books like these rip open—that will in time bring about unity. The I.R.A. has outlived its usefulness, has outlived even its poetry. It was the dourest of Ulster diehards, Lord Craigavon, who said privately in 1938: "In this island we cannot live always separated from one another. We are too small to be apart or for the border to be there for all time. The change will not come in my time but it will come!"

G. S. FRASER

Toil and Trouble

A Mirror of Witchcraft. By CHRISTINA HOLE. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

"Yet, if what is whispered be true, and there seems strong confirmation enough, the shedding of blood is not unknown among the devil worshippers today in London; in Brighton and Birmingham; in Oxford and Cambridge; in Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in a hundred cities more of the British Isles." This—with plenty of somewhat ill-digested reference to Albertus Magnus and Sinistrari, to grimoires and gnostic masses—was the flesh-creeping approach to witchcraft of the late Montague Summers. It was all very absurd and *News of the World.*

Miss Hole speaks from the opposite end of the scale. She confines herself always to witchcraft in England and her voice is a very English one—that of *The Times* or the *Manchester Guardian.* She accepts, as we must, the reality of witchcraft as a subjective belief. She notes the possibility of an organised witch cult, takes account of the possibility of Miss Margaret Murray's pagan survivals and the possible neolithic origin of fairies, but refers these general theories always to the actual data in our possession and suggests that evidence is lacking. She deplores the excesses of mercenary witchfinders like Hopkins and Stearn, the hysteria of the seventeenth century, the "swimming" and the "watching" used to discover witches; but she also notes the malignant intentions of many of the witches themselves. She admires the courage of judges like Chief Justice Holt under whom in the late seventeenth century mob hysteria was opposed, but rejects the credulous scepticism that would suppose all witches to have been conscious frauds. She only rarely expresses horror—it seems when it comes as out of key as a cry from Heathcliffe would in the pages of *Mansfield Park*—and only then at misuse of the sacrament which was fortunately extremely rare in England. Indeed, as she says, quoting Mr. L'Estrange Ewen, "the number of English witches executed between 1542 and 1735 was not more than one thousand and probably less." Deplorable, one feels, but not to be exaggerated.

I do not write this in criticism of Miss Hole's book, which is excellent. In her earlier work, *Witchcraft in England,* this empirical spirit, perhaps, produced a certain proliferation of detail and a lack of cohesion. The new work is a miscellany of extracts from original sources relating to witchcraft, divided under various aspects of the subject: it is a model compilation and will serve the general reader for a long time to come. Each section, too, is preceded by a short essay and the gain in coherence due to compression amply compensates for the loss of some of the picturesque detail of her earlier work.

Nevertheless, the book does raise the question of how much more can be made of witchcraft and, particularly, of English witchcraft by a detached observer. The changing viewpoint from early medieval limited tolerance to Innocent VIII's bull, on to the fury of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods, through Addison's qualified acceptance to the Act of 1736, is now well charted. The varying ceremonies, claimed powers and beliefs are now sufficiently explored to support Miss Hole's view that no general theory of witchcraft such as Miss Murray's can be adequately supported, at any rate in England. To the peculiar psychology of Isobel Gowdie, Agnes Sampson and Alison we can add the horrors of the occasional lynch law that followed the new act—the cases in Tring in 1751 and in Sible Hedingham in 1863—and, no doubt, there will be odd strange incidents to cull from newspaper reports for many years to come. A satisfactorily coherent view will inevitably, I imagine, elude us; the gaps are too many. Pagan survivals demand too great conscious continuity. The relation of English witchcraft to the more systematised continental coverns and sabbatts lacks evidence and is improbable. Even the reasons for the sudden hysteria of the late sixteenth and seventeenth century remains obscure. Puritanism is a very partial explanation, depending upon an undue emphasis upon the sexual futility aspects of witchcraft. It would be easier to imagine a campaign inspired from above. The personal dangers to insecurely seated monarchs like Elizabeth and James I (with his personal experience of the Bothwell magic) might account for the fearsome Acts of 1563 and 1604. Sewell's sermon, cited by Miss Hole, suggests a lead up to the first of these Acts. To support this view we can cite the witchcraft in high places that troubled the insecure Yorkist monarchs and the charges against Anne Boleyn; but against this Henry VII, who of all monarchs might have been supposed to fear magic plots, made no charges that I know of. Thus without any possibility of a coherent theory, the history of English witchcraft remains for the agnostic reader like myself a fascinating but unprofitable source of speculation. On the one hand, malignant powers rightly dreaded, on the other hand a mass of pitiable and childish actions and claims.

For a Christian historian, however, the problems seem to me fascinating. At what point did the churches in England allow polite scepticism and scientific good sense to change their attitude to the miraculous—holy or diabolic? Wesley protested against the Act of 1736 in exactly these terms, pointing, as James I had done, to the direct fiats of Holy Writ. However unattractive the underlying prurience of Mr. Montague Summer's book, English Christians have still to answer his concluding words—"England has repealed the laws against witchcraft. The Divine Law she cannot repeal, 'Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.'" The more liberal believer may prefer to substitute psychological treatment, but he cannot altogether shelter behind a law that prosecutes solely on grounds of imposture.

ANGUS WILSON

Mass Culture and Anarchy

The Uses of Literacy. By RICHARD HOGGART. *Chatto & Windus.* 25s.

"The bread of universal education is no sooner cast upon the waters than a shoal of sharks arises from the depths and devours the children's bread under the educator's very eyes." A. J. Toynbee was neither the first nor the last to be concerned with this theme. De Tocqueville, J. S. Mill, Matthew Arnold, Newman, all commented presciently from their respective angles on the dangers arising from the heady wine of industrialism, democracy and universal education. In the Thirties and Forties the problem was tackled by Dr. Leavis, Denys Thompson and their followers, concentrating upon the effects of advertising and mass production. Now Mr. Hoggart takes the matter a stage further. Whereas for the nineteenth-century writers it was a case of gloomy foreboding about the effects of the 1867 Reform Bill and the Forster Education Act, and for the writers in the Thirties a case of showing the connection between the 1870 Education Act and Northcliffe, now the story can be continued into the second generation to show developments far beyond the original "yellow press." This is Mr. Hoggart's theme, and he treats it in a highly stimulating and candid style.

After being shown an extremely perceptive "landscape with figures" as a setting for a description of traditionally rooted Northern working-class life, we are invited into a "candy floss world", shown examples of the newer mass art, and introduced to "sex in shiny packets". The older popular magazines, songs and postcards of the period 1890-1920 are contrasted with those of the last twenty years, in order to analyse and appraise contemporary trends in mass culture. This is to contrast the world of *Tit-Bits* and *Peg's Paper* with that of *Reveille* and *Woman*; of Nelly Wallace and Florrie Ford with Eamonn Andrews and Gilbert Harding. And the result is far from reassuring. Popular culture embodies working-class attitudes and assumptions about life; and deficient as the older ones were in many ways they nevertheless now appear superior to the newer appeals and the assumptions they encourage. So far the older working-class attitudes have proved remarkably resilient: *Peg's Paper* continues to hold its own even though by comparison with the newer women's magazines it is as much a period piece as *East Lynne* (with which indeed it has affinities). But Mr. Hoggart questions how long such traditional attitudes will continue to be as powerful as they now are.

The loss that has been sustained becomes apparent when the effects of reading the weekly family magazines of today are compared with those of yesterday. The time-honoured formula of sex, crime, and the supernatural is still there at the root. But the newer forms, although slicker, smarter and more sophisticated, are in reality a very watered-down version of the old. Despite the apparent suggestiveness of the pin-ups their sex has a strangely *ersatz* quality; the boasted outspokenness (of which the popular press is so proud) turns out to be shadow-boxing, "a harmless muscle-flexing under arc lights"; the sensation and fantasy are in thin and debilitated forms. As Mr. Hoggart puts it, "to the older type of paper they are rather like the latest synthetic cocktail to a glass of not-very-strong beer." The charge against the weekly family magazines today is not that they are vicious or deliberately evil, but that they are fundamentally trivial and vicarious. For many millions of working people these mass publications—daily papers, weekly magazines, and paper bound novelettes—are practically their only reading. Backed up as they are by a similar diet from the cinemas, wireless and TV the result can only be a gradual softening-up process. The responses which they elicit, the values and degree of maturity of life which they portray, are poor in quality, though presented with a high degree of technical skill and all the appeal of being really up to date.

Fifty years ago it seemed axiomatic to the

Social Class and Educational Opportunity
by J. E. FLOUD
A. H. HALSEY & F. M. MARTIN
This highly topical book, of obvious interest to readers of the *N.S. & N.*, has received editorial attention in practically every leading paper, from *The Times* to the *Daily Worker*.
12*s* 6*d*

A NEW SERIES
Heinemann Books on Sociology

MORRIS GINSBERG
On the Diversity of Morals 25*s*
Reason and Unreason in Society 21*s*
"It is not possible . . . to do justice to the learning, moderation and good sense that illumine these volumes."—CHARLES WILSON in *The Spectator*.

RAYMOND ARON
German Sociology 16*s*
This translation of an already classic book presents a comprehensive guide to German sociology from Simmel to Max Weber.

E. A. SHILS
The Torment of Secrecy 15*s*
"... Far the most penetrating account yet published of why witch-hunting is endemic in the United States but not in Britain." —R. H. S. CROSSMAN in the *N. S. & N.*
". . . . pertinent to the understanding of any contemporary society, and the preservation and enhancement of democracy everywhere." —GEOFFREY GORER in *The Observer*.

D. S. L. CARDWELL
The Organisation of Science in England 18*s*
"... a clear and concise study of a remarkable social revolution which within a century has converted scientists in Britain from a small group of amateurs to a major, if still too small, professional class, having collectively a position of unique responsibility . . . Stimulating and controversial."—*The New Scientist*.

Coming 18th March: R. V. Sampson's
PROGRESS IN THE AGE OF REASON 21*s*

'CLEARLY A CLASSIC'
British Political Parties
by R. T. McKENZIE
"Of the first order of importance."—D. W. BROGAN. "A triumph."—*American Historical Review.* "A magnificent book."—*Deutsche Kommentare* (Berlin). 640pp. 30*s*

HEINEMANN

First Flights
OLIVER STEWART
A history of aviation, traced through the first great event in each step forward, by the commentator at the Farnborough Air Show. *Out today, 25s. net. Illustrated.*

The Domestic Dog
BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD
"It is a very thorough and comprehensive survey of the history of the dog . . . absorbing, interesting, enlightening and amusing."—*The Field. Illustrated, 30s. net.*

Lord Byron's Marriage
G. WILSON KNIGHT
"A more coherent picture of this strange and baffling genius than has yet been offered."—*The Times.*
"Professor Wilson Knight is a literary detective of the first water."—CYRIL CONNOLLY, in the *Sunday Times.*
Illustrated, 30*s. net.*

Christian Democracy in Western Europe 1820-1953
MICHAEL FOGARTY
This important account traces the history and development of the various Christian Democratic movements. *Royal 8vo.*, 480 *pages.* 45*s. net.*

The Mind and Art of Coventry Patmore
J. C. REID
Here is the first detailed study of the poetry, prose and philosophy of one of the most original and significant writers of the last century. *Out today,* 35*s. net.*

The Art of Drama
RONALD PEACOCK
Based on a wide study of European literature and drama, this book analyzes drama in the context of art in general, and is specially concerned with modern drama. It is a sequel to *The Poet in the Theatre.* 25*s. net.*

The Last Trek
SHEILA PATTERSON
This is an illuminating history of the Boer people and the Afrikaner nation, written by an author who has lived for many years in the Union. 28*s. net.*

The Psychology of Child and Youth Drawing
HELGA ENG
The author completes her analysis of the development of a child's drawing, continuing from the ninth year (reached in The Psychology of Children's Drawings) to the twenty-fourth year. 118 *plates*, 68 *in colour.* 50*s. net.*

Routledge & Kegan Paul

pioneers of the W.E.A. that an extension of educational opportunities would bring an improvement in the general standard of reading and appreciation of the arts. William Morris regretted the lack of a popular art and looked forward to its development when the terrible gap between riches and poverty had been filled. It is not so easy as it once was to share their optimism.

Mr. Hoggart sustains this theme in an original way. Drawing upon his boyhood and adolescent experiences in a working-class area of Leeds, he analyses the attitudes to life of an urban working class in Northern England. His tools are those of literary scholarship, though he moves away from strictly literary terms. The result is a socio-literary study which breaks new ground. It enables him to move forward from the position of *Culture and Environment*, which is his starting-point, to modify a too-exclusively middle-class intellectual outlook on popular reading habits. At the same time he penetrates more deeply than the sociologist's tools allow him to do into the significance which lies behind observed habits and statements.

The book, indeed, contains some very penetrating insights into such subjects as working-class "patriotism", the effective limits of even several generations of intense urbanisation, and the effects of years of working-class experience of waiting at labour exchanges, at the panel doctor's, and at hospitals. Of particular interest is the social time-lag which is so amply demonstrated in many popular attitudes. The typical working-class interpretation of Christianity as chiefly a sense of moral values is identical with the view of, say, William Lovett in the last century. The working-class notion of Progress still echoes strongly the tones of 1851. Most vivid are the snatches which recapture aspects of working-class life such as the description of some of the old men who haunt the reading room in the public library:

> This is the special refuge of the misfits and left-overs, of the hollow-cheeked, watery-eyed, shabby and furtively sad. An eccentric absorbed in the rituals of his monomania sits between a pinched unmarried brother, kept by a married sister for the sake of his war pension, and an aged widower from a cheap lodging or a house smelling permanently of old tea and the frying-pan. They come in off the streets, on to which they had gone after swilling under a cold-tap and twisting scarves round collarless necks; they come in after walking round a bit, watching other people doing things, belonging somewhere. If a bench in the paper-strewn square is too chilly, they come in after a while to the warmth they have been looking forward to. . . . They exist on the periphery of life, seeing each other daily but with no contact. Reduced to a handful of clothes, a few primary needs and a persistent lack, they have been disconnected from the only kind of life in which they ever had a part, and that was a part unconsciously accepted; they have no conscious arts for social intercourse.

This is an important book in a field where it is all too easy to fall into the errors of middle-class Marxist romanticism or retreat into fashionable Lucky Jimmery. Mr. Hoggart has shown us a new and fruitful way forward.

J. F. C. HARRISON

THE USES
OF LITERACY
Richard Hoggart
'Challenging' DAILY HERALD
'Absorbing' SUNDAY TIMES
'Invigorating' DAILY TELEGRAPH
'Thoughtful' MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
'Urgent' OBSERVER
'Lively' YORKSHIRE POST
'Required reading for anyone concerned with the modern cultural climate' T.L.S.
25s. net

A MIRROR
OF WITCHCRAFT
Christina Hole
'Full of fascinating and curious information . . . a well-balanced historical picture of the rise and fall of witchcraft in Britain'
DAILY TELEGRAPH *Illustrated 21s. net*

CHATTO AND WINDUS

Only an Idealist?

The Life of Richard Stafford Cripps. By COLIN COOKE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30*s.*

Stafford Cripps was a moralist who purged his sense of guilt in politics. To project him in one of his aspects without understanding the other is to emasculate him and to impoverish the political history of the past thirty years in which he played such an important part. Mr. Colin Cooke is a strange choice for portraying one of the most controversial political figures of this century. As Fellow and Senior Bursar of Magdalen College, Oxford, and as University member of Oxford City Council, Mr. Cooke is not in party politics. More important, he is clearly temperamentally out of tune with them. He has had no contacts with those who worked with Stafford politically, nor does he seem to have sought any. In writing about the controversies which shook the Labour Party and helped to mould it, he is an outsider looking in on events which he regards as irrelevant to his main theme. This, developed in an opening chapter of unbelievable sententiousness, seems to be that great men are only truly great when they rise above party. In this biography, therefore, we are given a picture of Cripps the practising Christian, Cripps the idealist, Cripps the administrator, but the tough party politician and the human being with a large number of endearing failings never emerge. There are no inside stories or revealing anecdotes to mar the chosen theme.

One of the most interesting things about this book, therefore, is why Mr. Cooke was selected as the "official" biographer. The answer may give us a guide to an important part of Cripps's life. One of his weaknesses was that he tended to see himself as a messianic figure who, by a lightning tour of a continent or a factory, could personally solve problems that had grown stubborn with the years. Humility was not his strong point. To his political colleagues this was a manageable fault, redeemed by the courage and sincerity which were part of it. But to the devoted family circle at Goodfellows it was not a fault at all; they took him at more than his own valuation. Is that why we have the Messianic picture here? If so, it is a great pity, for Stafford was more lovable than this picture of him and important in different ways. There was plenty of mischief in Stafford Cripps, of a characteristically autocratic kind. As his Parliamentary Private Secretary I sometimes suffered from it, as on the occasion when he made me eat a large bowl of grated raw carrot which an hotel management had thoughtfully provided for its distinguished vegetarian guest. "We mustn't hurt their feelings," he insisted impishly, "Eat it up."

His high-handedness had political value. Cripps's great contribution to his Party was that he was unafraid. He was not only the brilliant administrator which Mr. Cooke portrays; he was one of those rare Ministers who dominate their departments and win civil servants over to novel policies. And he was not the sort of person to be intimidated by a party machine. Claiming the right to form his own judgments, he was prepared on principle to support the right of other people to form theirs and to campaign vigorously in support of them. This brought him into many stormy clashes with the Party's National Executive in the pre-war days and, to his credit, when he himself became a Minister and a part of "authority," he did not change. He forgave me more than once for voting against the 1945 Labour Government, even in my semi-official capacity as P.P.S., merely remarking wryly on the third occasion: "Don't make too much of a habit of it." And though his highly practical mind sometimes led him into errors of judgment, he could not be panicked out of his principles; he was one of those who resisted pressures on the Labour Cabinet to abandon the nationalisation of steel. From 1949 illness increasingly weakened his powers and distracted his judgment. With Cripps out of action and Bevin a dying man, the Labour Government drifted into the dissensions which the influence of these two men would have prevented. Cripps was not a Messiah, but he was a man of great political courage which, contrary to Mr. Cooke's belief, found its highest fruition in party terms.

BARBARA CASTLE

Excess and Measure

Devil, Maggot and Son. By CHRISTOPHER LOGUE. *Peter Russell, c/o The Book Club, Crowborough, Sussex.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Stones of Troy. By C. A. TRYPANIS. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In his latest book of poems Mr. Logue shows a new control of the passions which have always moved him: his love of glory, and the destruction of glory by mortality and the treacheries of the present age, and the anger which the spectacle provokes in him. This change of mood has transformed his angry world into a world of imagination. It is clear that he knows the work of his predecessors and contemporaries, but his knowledge does not take the shape of conformity; instead he uses whatever suits his purpose. There are many finely achieved poems in this volume, and there is promise as well, for it seems that nothing contents Mr. Logue even in poets he admires. Yeats is the salient example. He admires Yeats and attacks him, and the admiration grows warmer for the attack.

But it is the sense of glory—so rare in poetry now—that makes these poems remarkable. Like Yeats, Mr. Logue cannot get away from kings as symbols of earthly splendour; where he is quite unlike Yeats is in his standing quarrel with them. He has five bitterly glittering poems on jewels. His heraldic imagery is always turned against itself and yet produces a feeling of delight:

> The hunting men,
> the arras dame, and the twisted bugle,
> trapped not true love but twisted my own limbs
> until I ripped the sightless tapestry
> judging the others through my own mad eye. . . .
>
> a silly tune
> blinder than midnight, faded as the dead
> huntsman with trumpets blaring in his head.

The desire for glory comes out more frankly in one of the sonnets:

> The mice chew on this old cathedral.
> The stones, the mice, the worshippers grow old,
> Tolled in by iron for some heaven's gold.
> I sit this Sunday out annoyed by bells.
> Let us have trumpets on our day of rest!

Mortality is an indignity only to be relieved by trumpets. Yet Mr. Logue's attitude to it is the traditional one, though not his anger:

> Three things seek my death,
> Hard at my heels they run.
> Hang them sweet Christ all three,
> Devil, maggot and son.

There are two poems dealing with the wrongs of the age:

And thirty centuries bequeath
twelve fools with wit to vote a girl to death,
without a toad to keep her company.

The second is addressed to Yeats:

old man,
What judging citizen are you
To see the quarters of the earth in blood
And call it just?

There are six well-fashioned songs, which owe something, I think, to Mr. Pound, particularly in their management of rhythmical movement. One of the best is a dirge "for a girl who burned herself to death":

Was she a Miranda? Will you abandon
her in a wreath of lupins and clay
after the fire has eaten
what you can remember?
And, evermore grieve, like a bird
by the grey weir water, sighing her ash
downwashed to the deep whale's-mere?

Mr. Logue has inherited, across two generations, something from Yeats and Mr. Pound: the old feud between glory and anger. But he has not borrowed from them. His attitude to these two things is different from theirs; they accepted glory and were not angry with it; their anger was for other things. The love of glory is one of the modes of poetry, and it is a mode which makes language flower. Mr. Logue has achieved this in several of his poems. The feud itself is productive. Glory seems to grow brighter, looked at with an angry eye. That quarrel seems to have lapsed in contemporary poetry. Mr. Logue is an original poet.

The main quality of Mr. Trypanis's poetry is measure, which we have come to think of as the Greek virtue. His poems deal almost exclusively with the past, and he has the advantage and the heavy weight of a far longer memory than any English poet can hope for. He confesses in a leaflet issued by the Poetry Book Society, of which his book is the current choice, that scarcely a day of his life since he began reading has passed without turning to the *Iliad*. His poems are bred from past poetry and from things that have been recorded. They are mainly elaborations on classical texts, or poetic judgments on stories judged in the telling. One cannot expect from them the living movement of drama, and though they are well-wrought, the elegiac mood sometimes grows monotonous. Even when Mr. Trypanis writes of Chartres, his imagination remains in Greece:

Oh, that one could forget, caught in this steep,
Transcendent dazzle of the royal glass,
The sun, wading through pagan fields thigh-deep,
The fragrance of the newly-nibbled grass.

Measure is a rare quality, and it can be found in almost any of these poems. Then one finds it in the next, and the next after that. Read one by one, with an interval between, they impress by their proportion, but read one after another, they imprison us in the mood and we lose the delight of surprise.

EDWIN MUIR

The Marchantes Tale

The Merchant of Prato. By IRIS ORIGO. *Cape.* 35*s*.

Chaucer's merchant was an archetypal figure. He foreshadowed even the gentlemen whose wintry smiles enliven the business magazines.

His resons he spak ful solempnely,
Souninge alway th'encrees of his winning. . . .
Wel coude he in eschaunge sheeldes selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So estatly was he of his governaunce,
With his bargaynes, and with his chevisaunce.

The Merchant of Prato, Francesco di Marco Datini, wore no forkèd beard: but otherwise he was of the same stamp. Born some five years before Chaucer, he outlived him by a further ten; he was a contemporary of the writer Franco Sacchetti, and about twenty years younger than Boccaccio. His, then, was a world familiar to us—the chancy, anomalous world of the later fourteenth century, when the middle ages were thawing out into the Renaissance, the ice of custom was cracking beneath men's feet, and chunks of law and tradition were beginning to crumble away. It was a world of credulity and shrewdness; of corrupt monks and passionate reformers; of Saracen pirates and paid *condottieri*; of prudence and showy extravagance; of pestilence and enormous meals. Above all, it was a world in which smart operators could seize their chances, weighing up the likelihood of war or famine, dealing here, there, and everywhere, in armour, spices, wine, wool, or slaves. True, there were usury laws: but every law had its loophole. True, rich men couldn't take it with them: but they could leave it behind to pay for masses for their souls. Small wonder, then, that Datini's age, like so many others, saw "the rise of the middle classes"; and small wonder that Datini's biography reads like a case-history out of Samuel Smiles.

He was born in about 1335, the son of a poor taverner, who died in the plague of 1348. On his parents' death, he was cared for by Monna Piera, a good woman of Prato: but after a year he went to Florence to be apprenticed to various merchants. A little later, spurred by ambition and tales of prosperity, he set out for Avignon, bustling, rich, and overcrowded, where Pope Clement VI still held his court. Here, from small beginnings, he gradually made his first fortune as a merchant, trading in arms and armour, then cloth, silk, salt, and silverware. He set up as a moneychanger, a curio dealer, a goldsmith, a wine-seller, a saddler, a salesman of priests' vestments, altar-pieces, and religious pictures. He lived well, kept mistresses, and begat at least one short-lived bastard. At about the age of forty, under pressure from his friends, he took a wife; and at the end of 1382, he at last set off home to Prato. Here, he expanded into the wool trade, and moved to Florence in 1386. By now, he had branches in Pisa, Genoa, Barcelona, and Majorca; he built a fine house in Prato; he bought land and built a villa; he went on a sumptuous pilgrimage and fled to Bologna from the plague of 1399; he spent a wealthy old age in Prato, entertained Louis II of Anjou, King of Sicily and Jerusalem; and he died in 1410, leaving a name and a fortune to his native city, where his statue still stands in the piazza, and entrusting to posterity the 500 ledgers and account-books and the 150,000 letters on which the Marchesa Origo has based her account of his life.

Much of the story has already been told by Italian historians—notably by Bensa and Piattoli—and by others interested chiefly in Datini's significance for economic history. What the Marchesa Origo has done, and done with great charm and dexterity, is to compile an ample and balanced narrative of Datini's whole life. Her attention is not confined to the wool-trade, like that of some more earnest and austere investigators. She is not concerned only with Datini's accounting, his transport problems, his insurance, or his bills of exchange. She is not merely a social historian, although she describes in detail his food, clothing, furniture, and family goods. Her interests are not purely literary, despite the parallels discernible in the Decameron and in Sacchetti"s *Novelle*. Her aim—one much more difficult—is biographical; and she succeeds in producing for her fourteenth-century subject the kind of detailed character-sketch that one normally expects only of a nineteenth-century figure. Datini's vast correspondence and his punctilious attention to minutiae bring him and his family before us like the victims of a screening tribunal. We learn an immense amount about the society they lived in: we learn, for example, how squalid and restrictive the guilds could be, despite their high reputation with such modern idealists as Toniolo. We learn also a mass of homely detail about Datini's domestic arrangements—how much, for example, he paid as dowry to a servant who had been his concubine

JONATHAN
CAPE

Air Vice-Marshal
E. J. Kingston-McCloughry

'The author arrives at a somewhat fuller statement of the case he made for the reconsideration of Service functions in his book *The Direction of War* . . he has a clear view but again he avoids dogmatic advice. The book, in fact, is a survey. As such it should serve staff and defence colleges admirably . . . but deserves to be read by statesmen and by those who provide statesmen with their resources.'
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT *With 3 maps*, 18s.

GLOBAL STRATEGY

T. H. White

'Time: the contemporary Dark Age. Place: Rockall, shortly before its occupation by Great Britain and Mr. James Fisher in 1955, an Imperialistic venture which, so T. H. White blandly suggests, might have been due to the sinister events he describes.' *John Verney*

'It is so crisp and clear and full of bright colour.'
C. S. Lewis

'I am always being asked to recommend books which will tempt growing-up readers to the adult shelves. T. H. White's *The Master*, a terrifying but fascinating book, might have been written for this purpose.'
Noel Streatfeild 15s.

THE MASTER

Letters of H. M. Kisch

Letters from a young man who joined the Indian Civil Service, covering the period 1874-1889, which form a vivid and most interesting picture of life in that country. *Illustrated* 25s.

EDITED BY ETHEL WALEY COHEN

The Art
of Translation

'Both help and entertainment are offered in what promises to be an extremely thorough examination of the subject.' BOOKS AND BOOKMEN
Divided into eleven chapters and a bibliography, *The Art of Translation* will interest both the student and the lay reader. 16s.

THEODORE H. SAVORY

Lucy Crown

'The feeling for time and place is impeccable, the settings are realistic, the dialogue tingles like ice in a highball . . . well worth reading for the heap of good things in it.' NEW STATESMAN
This brilliant novel by the author of *The Young Lions* is in all the bookshops, and costs 16s.

IRWIN SHAW

all prices are net

and borne his child. Hard facts of this sort confront us blankly in the record: it's up to us, the inquisitors, to piece together our verdict with the Marchesa Origo's help. Like a learned magistrates' clerk, she guides us gently and impeccably: the result is a mosaic portrait like one of the close-ups from Eileen Power's *Medieval People*: it should fascinate the general reader and deepen the vision of the scholar. If Datini may be taken as representative, it should add a colder overtone to "the rise of the middle classes."

For Datini, despite his fascination, is a rather forbidding character. His portrait by Filippo Lippi shows a thin, stern face, that of an ascetic of commerce. He owed his success to his fussy concern over every tiny detail; and if his enterprises often gave proof of a bold imagination, he more than made up for it with his petty anxiety over trifles. He was naively proud, and just as naively pious: a master of sharp practice, he was tormented by fears of the next world. He treated his wife in the manner of his century. She bore him no children, so he brought up his illegitimate daughter as his own. When he died, he was a rich man: but prudence and tight-fistedness and vague apprehension had spoiled his enjoyment of riches; and he founded no family on the proceeds of a lifelong struggle. Perhaps it was because this kind of survival was denied him that he left us intact so many of his private papers. If so, his wish was granted. Thanks to the Marchesa Origo, Francesco di Marco Datini can now take his place in surprisingly up-to-date company, along with the ulcers, the business lunches, the tax returns, the marital squabbles, and the sad, flat, pointless triumph of worldly ambition fulfilled.

RICHARD MAYNE

Victorian Records

English Historical Documents, Vol. XII (Part I), 1833-1874. Edited by G. M. YOUNG and W. D. HANDCOCK. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 95*s.*

This is an enormous volume of over 1,000 tightly packed pages, the latest addition to a massive thirteen-volume collection of English historical documents beginning in A.D. 500 and ending in 1914. Mr. Young and Mr. Handcock have had an unenviable task. The 41 years allotted to them were, in a very real sense the golden age of paper. Government became complex and difficult, an affair for experts and crowds as well as for monarchs and ruling families. All the problems of government had to be set down on paper and sold in Blue Books. There were no telephones or typewriters, and while there were more newspapers than there are today, scores of new pamphlets continued to appear on almost every subject as they had done in previous centuries. Some of the editors of volumes in this series are faced with the problem of searching for key documents: Mr. Young and Mr. Handcock had so many at their disposal that they have been forced to leave out many of the most significant documents of their period. They sometimes give the impression of having been overwhelmed, and their concentration on the public records, while natural, produces a misleading general picture. How much more satisfying as a picture is Mr. Young's brilliant *Portrait of an Age*, and how rewarding it would have been to read a volume of documents designed to illuminate the points he made in that most rounded of all essays on Victorian England.

It is not the plan of this present volume which is unsatisfactory: the arrangement of subject matter is logical and fairly distributed. Queen Victoria would have approved of the Monarchy being placed first and most of her articulate subjects would have approved of the trade unions coming last. What is often unfortunate is the selection of material within the twelve sections. Nonconformity is scarcely touched on in the section on Religion: the Anti-Corn Law League and the Chartists move like strange ghosts in the background of the section called promisingly enough "Chartism and Free Trade": the sections on Local Government and Public Health make no use of local records. It is impossible to excuse the editors on the grounds that they have chosen to use the public records rather than other documents. Given their choice of section titles, other records would sometimes have been far more revealing. As a result of the choice made, Victorian England seems curiously stilted and lifeless, and the reader ends by sighing for a welter of non-official opinions, a bundle of review articles, for example, or even a good rousing political speech or sermon. As Mr. Young once remarked, the essence of history is listening to other people talking.

ASA BRIGGS

The Colonel Looks Back

Revolt on the Nile. By COLONEL ANWAR EL SADAT. *Wingate.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Revolt on the Nile—the first inside story of the Free Officers' Movement up to the abdication of King Farouk—is a suitable companion volume to Colonel Nasser's *Egypt's Liberation.* Written in jaunty journalese, it is no literary masterpiece; and, if it were merely by the Editor of *El Goumhouria*, it would be of no significance whatsoever. But the Editor of *El Goumhouria* happens to be Colonel Anwar Sadat, one of the leaders of the Free Officers' Movement when it was still a revolutionary conspiracy, and after that one of Nasser's closest associates on the Junta.

When I opened *Revolt on the Nile* I had a special reason for being curious to see what picture of the *coup d'état* Colonel Sadat would give. On January 1, 1953, when the revolution was bright and new and Neguib at the height of his popularity, I happened to arrive in Cairo. After three days mooching round the British and American Embassies and the Egyptian Foreign Office, I suddenly received a telephone message that Colonel Sadat wished to see me at 8 p.m. at the Ismail Palace—which was, of course, the main British barracks until 1946. I shall never forget wandering round that vast square, trying and opening doors until at last I stumbled up a staircase into an absolutely bare room, with a hard chair, a desk and three shabby armchairs. A Nubian, with gleaming white teeth and in battle-dress, got up, took me by the shoulders and said, "I've been waiting for you, Mr. Crossman. I will come with you personally for all the next three days."

Colonel Sadat kept his word. For three days I lived with him and met most of the other members of the Revolutionary Council, including Nasser and his C.-in-C., Hakim Amer. In between these meetings, Sadat used to regale me with his life story, and each night I tried to jot down what I could remember in my diary. So I thought that the most useful way of criticising his book was to compare my diary notes with his present version of events. On the main facts, the two stories are surprisingly consistent. Now, as then, Sadat proudly emphasises his own part (which cost him a considerable prison sentence) in the plot to stage an Egyptian rising at the moment Rommel broke through from El Alamein. Sadat was greatly impressed by the Germans. Some of the Junta (Wing Commander Gamal Salem, for instance) were *communisants*; some (Nasser was the outstanding example) anglophile; Sadat, however, was always a *philonaziste*. In his gentle voice, smiling at me with his huge, deep-brown eyes, he would tell me how well

CO-OPERATIVE COLLEGE

SCHOLARSHIPS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

One hundred scholarships are available for the session commencing in October. These cover nine months residence, tuition and personal allowance.

COURSES

SOCIAL STUDIES	Diploma in Political, Economic and Social Studies for External Students (University of Nottingham) and Diploma in Co-operation.
GENERAL MANAGEMENT	Intermediate Certificate in Management Studies.
RETAIL MANAGEMENT	Co-operative Union Diplomas.
SECRETARYSHIP	Co-operative Union Diplomas.

Applications must be received by April 1st. Further details obtainable from the:—

Co-Operative College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire

ARTIST'S PUB

Barnstaple, N. Devon

B. and B. or full board

Unrestricted atmosphere · Meals when you like

Box 784

LONDON UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE, DEGREES, LAW, and other examinations

U.C.C., founded 1887, provides postal courses for LONDON UNIVERSITY General Certificate of Education (for Entrance, Faculty requirements, or Direct Entry to Degree), and higher examinations for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), B.Sc.(Soc.), LL.B. *(obtainable without residence)*; **Law Society Prelim., Bar (Parts I and II), G.C.E. (all Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, & others, Teachers' Diplomas, Professional Prelim. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees.**

★ **PROSPECTUS free from the Registrar,**

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

70 BURLINGTON HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE

If you do not subscribe now you will miss the first issue of

Universities and Left Review

Final Contents of First Issue

G. D. H. Cole: Changing Capitalism.
Joan Robinson: Full Employment.
E. P. Thompson: Intellectuals and Socialism.
K. Jelenski: Destalinisation and European Security.
Isaac Deutscher: Russia in Transition.
Claude Bourdet: The French Left.
Konni Zilliacus: The New Poland.
Robin Fairlie: Crosland and Ownership.
Eric Hobsbawm: Marxism in the Social Sciences.
Henry Collins: Strachey and Marxism.
Stuart Hall: The New Conservatism.
Michael Armstrong: Social Structure of British Education.
Graeme Shankland: Crisis in Town Planning.
Lindsay Anderson: Commitment in Criticism—Cinema.
Peter de Francia: Commitment in Criticism—Art.
Gabriel Pearson: Dickens and his Readers.
D. Gregory Jones: Housing the City Dweller.
Brian Manning: The Teaching of History.
John Mackintosh: The Scottish Universities.
David Marquand: Politics of Lucky Jim.
Prof. H. Dickinson: Accumulation of Capital.
Charles Taylor: Oxford Philosophy.
Richard Pear: Fabian International Essays.
Chimen Abramsky: Bray and the early Utopians.
Basil Davidson: Nationalism in Colonial Africa.

The first issue can be obtained by annual subscription (seven shillings for three issues).

● ●

I enclose 7/- Annual Subscription to Universities and Left Review.

NAME.. **ADDRESS**..

....

Please tear off and send to THE BUSINESS MANAGER, R. F. PRINCE, MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD

Hitler understood the Arabs because he started from a comprehension of the Jewish problem. And then, whenever the time to pray came round in his office, he would turn on the little wireless on his desk, in order to listen to the prayers, and sit silently smoking.

By and large, there is not much reason to doubt Sadat's picture of the Free Officers' Movement as it grew under the powerful control of Nasser. It was a Movement whose class-origins were *petit-bourgeois,* and whose chief inspiration was a hatred which identified Farouk and British rule. When the officers first struck, they had no intention of establishing a permanent dictatorship, and some of them certainly believed that, once the King had been removed and the country purged, politics could be handed back to the politicians. When I first met them, they were only beginning to think of staying in power and had hardly begun to ask themselves what kind of political movement they would require to keep themselves there.

There are two major divergences between the story Sadat told me four years ago and the version he gives in *Revolt on the Nile.* The first relates to the position of General Neguib. Certainly Neguib took no part in the conspiracy and was only brought into the plot a few days before. But Colonel Sadat now goes much further.

> For years the rest of us had worked in secret to prepare Neguib's path to immortality. We raised him to the summit, and then we had to dash him down again. . . . It was in this way that General Neguib emerged from obscurity. We constructed a legend round him which everybody believed.

Here fact is heavily overlaid with fiction. It is true that Neguib was not a member of the conspiracy until the very last moment. But, although he may have been selected as a figurehead, he soon established himself as far the most powerful personality inside the Junta. In 1953 I could see for myself in what awe Colonel Anwar Sadat stood of this testy old papa, who was constantly bawling him out. Indeed, Neguib treated the Junta rather as an elderly headmaster would handle a meeting of his school prefects; and they recognised that he was the only one who had any real authority over the people. He was got rid of not, as Sadat suggests, because he was a weak puppet who tried to rebel, but because he was an extremely devious strong man, who tried to do a deal with the old forces which controlled Egypt before the revolution.

The second point of divergence relates to the Moslem Brotherhood. Although Sadat at one time was the liaison officer between the two Movements, he tries to give the impression that the Free Officers were throughout intensely suspicious of the Brotherhood and that he and Nasser both condemned its reactionary and terrorist tendencies. This version is, of course, required now that terrorism is a threat to Nasser and he has found it necessary to smash the Brotherhood. In 1952, however, relations were cordial, and Sadat told me the names of the members of the Junta who were also members of the Brotherhood. Alas, I did not make a note of them, but I remember the list did not include Nasser.

There is a third minor divergence which is perhaps worth noting. When I first met him, Sadat was very pleased to tell me that his wife had an English grandfather called Mr. Cockerell, who lived in Sheffield and who left her his beautiful gold watch. Though he tells us quite a lot about himself and his background in *Revolt on the Nile,* this English connection is not mentioned.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The theme of the *Twentieth Century* eightieth birthday number, a bumper issue, is "the changes that have taken place in our way of life since 1877"—including the "dialogue between tradition and new discoveries," "the revolution in science and technics". Celebrities and new arrivals are nicely blended: the present number includes articles by Gilbert Murray, Sir Charles Tennyson, Richard Lowenthal, J. G. Weightman, Jenny Nasmyth and Burns Singer.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,409

Set by Bistro

The usual prizes are offered for a lyric for the "house" skiffle group of one of the following: the A.E.U., the Headmasters' Conference, the Institute of Chartered Accountants, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Intelligence Corps, Equity, or the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. Limit 12 lines; entries by March 12.

Result of No. 1,406

Set by Buzfuz

The usual prizes are offered for a verse account of some of the early exploits of Master John Foster Dulles from *Now We Are Six* by Dwight David Milne.

Report

"John John Silverfoot Dulles," carolled Katharine Dowling (" so called because he is said to have been born with a silver foot in his mouth")

Dropped the most awful bricks;
But he took great care of his Uncle Sam,
Tho' he was only six.

Certainly he evoked in competitors the same ambivalent feelings that Christopher Robin had once inspired. Anyway, the field was in splendid form; it was a judge's delight of an entry, not too large, hardly one without its lucky line, and half of them sizzling and sparkling. Neither prize-money nor space will run to all who deserve it by usual standards; here are some plums from the runners-up:

MORE THAN TWICE TIMES

There were Two Little Naughties playing by a Trench,
And one was English and the other was French,
When oh quite suddenly Things Upset,
So one got Damp and the other got Wet.
But Dry Little Fostopher told a Reporter
He knew it was Wicked to play with the Water.
(J. A. Lindon)

Brinkers—what I call it—is a special sort of game.
(Oliver Coburn)

When I take Poohkov to secrety places
He always pulls the funniest faces
As if he doesn't acksherly care,
('Cos Poohkov is a *Russian* bear).
(Martin Jordan)

Little boy scratches his little gold head,
Says he'll do something, forgets what he said.
Hush, hush, maybe you'll find
John Foster Dulles has made up his mind.
(Edgar Simon)

Say not a word! Speak sternly who dares:
John Foster Dulles is having his airs.
(G. J. Blundell)

A guinea and a half to Gloria Prince and Livingstone K. Bluntmore; a guinea to Stephen Sedley, Vera Telfer and D. L. L. Clarke. Commended: Valdor, Leon Spero, Leslie Johnson, Frances Krusin, Katy, Tom Haggitt, D. G. B. and J. E. Hinder.

PLAYMATES

" Shan't play with *him,*" says Dull of Dim.
" Or an Israelite! " says he.
" I'd play all day with Dwight or Slim,
But it wouldn't be safe to play with *him.*"
" 'Ere, matey, what's wrong wi' me ? " says Dim.
" Oh, nothing at all! " says he.

" And it wouldn't be right," says Dull of Bright,
" To play with *him,*" says he.
"*Mais qu'est-ce que tu veux donc dire ?*" says Bright.
" Oh, nothing at all! " says Dull, polite;
" But a Yankee boy, if he has to fight,
Feels safer alone," says he.

GLORIA PRINCE

WHISPERS

Little boy flustered and clutching his head,
Crying, denying, his countenance red . . .
Hush! Hush! Oh, what a mess!
Johnny-cum-Foster is saying his Press.

THE
LIFE
OF
HILAIRE
BELLOC
Robert Speaight

'Every page a delight' SUNDAY TIMES
'Gripping . . . moving' SCOTSMAN
'Quite first-class' SPECTATOR
'Dramatic yet detached' NEWS CHRONICLE
'Vivid, well-constructed and absorbing' ECONOMIST
'Done with great skill and integrity' THE TIMES LIT. SUPP.

Illustrated 552 pages 30s. net

HOLLIS & CARTER

SUCCESSES!

The Ginger Man
J. P. Donleavy
The novel that hit the headlines and had them talking. Brilliant, rumbustious comedy, set in Dublin, with shiftless, devil-may-care characters.
"Comic, dirty and delightful"—*The Listener.*
"Remarkable performance"—*Spectator.*
"A triumph"—*Manchester Guardian.* 15*s.*

My Friend Toulouse-Lautrec
François Gauzi
Unusual biography by a fellow-artist who knew him all his life, illustrated by remarkable photos, never before published, of Lautrec and his models. Mid-March. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Conjugal Life
Honoré de Balzac
Including *Petites Misères de la Vie Conjugale* (first translation in English) and large portions of *Physiologie du Mariage,* Balzac's semi-scientific Rabelaisian manual. End-March. 15*s.*

Honey Cookery
Ambrose Heath
The first book on the subject to appear in this country. Delightful and practical 10*s.* 6*d.*

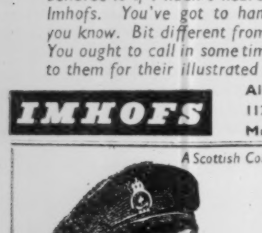
NEVILLE SPEARMAN 112 Whitfield St., W.1

for sterling quality
—Scottish Widows'
of course.

THE HALL MARK OF
STERLING QUALITY IN
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE

SCOTTISH
WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 2
London Offices:
28 Cornhill, E.C.3 17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1



positively
bang-on

Have you heard this new Hi Fi in operation yet, old man? Absolutely wizard! Wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it for myself over at Imhofs. You've got to hand it to these boffins, you know. Bit different from the old gramophone. You ought to call in some time or dash off a memo to them for their illustrated catalogue.

IMHOFS
Alfred Imhof Limited
112-116 New Oxford St., WC1
Museum 7878 (20 lines)

A Scottish Coxswain

You can't
afford to be
without it

How often have
you heard that?
But without the
Lifeboat Service
600 people a year would be lost at sea.
Help to support this work by sending a contribution . . .

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1
Treasurer: His Grace The Duke of Northumberland
Secretary:
Col. A. D. Burnett Brown, O.B.E., M.C., T.D., M.A.

"God bless Yankee! I know that's right.
Never forget, if you need to fight,
That a boy from Britain is none too hot—
Oh! God bless England! (I quite forgot)."

Our little games differ . . . "No, say that they *did*.
See, I'll just alter—You'll write as you're bid!"
Blush! Blush! Let nobody look.
Johnny-cum-Foster is cooking the book.

LIVINGSTONE K. BLUNTMORE

BRINKER

Brinker's always talking, 'cos I'm teaching him to speak,
He likes to boost my ego when my knees are feeling weak:
He always likes to do it in a hoodlum sort of roar,
And I have to do it for him, tho' it makes my Daddy sore.

Oh, Ikey is my senior, he's a Daddy sort of man,
And Joe is just as Joey as anybody can,
And Adlai is Adlai and he's my fan—
But they don't
Like
Brinker.

Brinker's brave as lions when the country's gaff we blow,
Brinker's brave as tigers telling others where to go,
Brinker's brave as elephants. He'll never, never shrink
Except (like other people) when he's really on the brink.

STEPHEN SEDLEY

SUPER MARKET SQUARE

I went to the toy stall where they sold tin soldiers
("Only a nickel for a Grenadier Guard!")
"Have you got an Arab, 'cos I don't like guardsmen?"
But they hadn't got an Arab though they looked real hard.

I went to the next stall where they sold tin soldiers
("Only a nickel for a poilu from France!")
"Have you got an Arab, 'cos I don't like poilus?"
But they hadn't got an Arab, no not by any chance.

I went to a third stall where they sold tin soldiers.
("Only a nickel for an Arab *and* a Wog!")
"Can I buy them both, 'cos I want to stand between them?
Nanny says they're safer than a Limey and a Frog."

VERA TELFER

John, John, Foster, Foster,
Dulles, though only six,
Thought himself awfully clever at getting
Into and out of a fix.
John, John, Foster, Foster,
Dulles's speciallest game
Was playing at p'licemen directing the traffic,
But it was always the same:
For John, John, Foster, Foster,
Dulles discovered that when
He'd stopped all the motors it wasn't so easy
Getting them going again.

D. L. L. CLARKE

City Lights

On the Cards of Identity

A good many of the steel industry's troubles spring from the fact that it is so embarrassingly epicene. Half public, half private, no one is quite sure how to approach it or what behaviour to expect from it. At the moment, for example, demand for sheet steel and tinplate has been reduced sharply by the restrictions on consumer expenditure, while the completion of new strip-mill capacity at John Summers and Steel of Wales promises a rapid rise in production. If home demand remains unchanged, there may be a sheet steel surplus this year of up to 500,000 tons—a surplus which the producers are naturally anxious to export at prices 15 per cent. higher than the controlled home price.

But the Board of Trade, with other ideas, has fixed export quotas to allow an increase of only 40,000 tons in the first half-year; the provisional quota for the second half allows no increase at all. There is still a severe shortage of steel plate. The expansion into which producers are being coaxed by price increases will take some time to get under way, and in the meantime sheet producers can help to fill the gap by omitting the finishing processes which convert plate into sheet and tinplate. Plate produced in this way is rather more expensive: the stripmill men, reluctant to see their expensive finishing plant standing idle, are yearning for the profit they could earn by exporting sheet. The situation is full of interest.

One factor in the official anxiety to produce more plate seems to be the wish to demonstrate finally that the failure of the shipbuilders to step up output and get their order-books down to a reasonable level has more to it than the steel shortage of which they are always complaining. But it is not clear how thoroughly the policy of producing plate from sheet plant has been digested: if it is an integral part of a Mills plan, it will clearly affect the government's willingness to allow a revival in demand for cars and household goods.

And there is a City interest involved. Steel of Wales is to be denationalised in a fortnight's time. It will not be an easy operation: the dividend yield offered on the shares is likely to be little better than that on other steel shares while the earnings cover will be very much smaller. Steel of Wales has every reason to fight for an increase in profits.

* * *

The £15m. of convertible loan stock offered for sale by Bowaters brought in £220m. of applications: the stock opened in the market at a premium of 10 per cent. In the City, people are concerned at the possibility (arising from the new popularity of these issues) that capital profits resulting from the sacrifice of equity earnings should be offered to other than equity shareholders. Outside the City there may be some curiosity about a wider possibility. Issuing a debenture or loan stock at a price below that ruling in the market seems an excellent way of giving shareholders a present, of turning taxable income into tax-free capital gain and getting the Inland Revenue to contribute towards the cost.

* * *

The results coming in now from various stores reflect the varying incidence of official restrictions on consumption. Woolworth's net profits before tax have risen by only 3 per cent. (against 10 per cent. last year), a result attributed partly to higher costs and partly to the buying freeze provoked by the purchase-tax on pots and pans. British Home Stores did a little, but only a little, better. Things look a little better when we come to Selfridges, and to Lewis's Trust which controls it—profits rose by about 9 per cent. The Harrods group, however—with five stores in the provinces and D. H. Evans and Dickins & Jones in London, but with the Knightsbridge shop responsible for more than half total turnover—has pushed up its profits by 14 per cent. Consumption levelled off in 1956, but some parts seem to have levelled off more than others.

All the stores have made much of the effect of higher rating assessments on their costs. Profits will be helped this year by the 20 per cent. de-rating of commercial premises, a step which—together with subsidy cuts, higher interest rates, and the restrictions imposed on local authority borrowing—is going to entail a sharp increase in the rates paid by others.

* * *

Ingredients: one part ingenuity, 99 parts official prodding. Result: the City's new tanker-financing arrangements, which will provide £30m. for Shell and £40m. for British Petroleum. B.P., at least, could have borrowed more easily and cheaply along more conventional lines. The prodding will have worked only if the institutions are now broken in to forgetting grandfather's text-books and financing the ordinary, smaller run of tanker owners. It is to be hoped that tankers remain as lucrative as in the past: the City institutions, resenting prodding, have forced even B.P. and Shell to pay through the nose.

TAURUS

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires News Assistant in Cardiff, to assist in preparation of News bulletins and other programmes under supervision of Regional News Editor. Essential qualifications: journalistic experience with sound training as sub-editor; thorough knowledge of Wales and ability to translate readily from English to Welsh and vice versa. Good microphone voice an asset. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.105, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within five days.

B.B.C. requires Television Design Assistants with architectural and art training. Quick and accurate draughting and accurate colour perception essential. Some knowledge of general light constructional methods an advantage. Account taken of creative ability, perspective and visual drawings. Salary £790 p.a. (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.112, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Applications are invited for post of Director of Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applicants must be Honours graduates with considerable experience of Extra-Mural work. Appointment to retiring age, normally 60. Salary: £2,450 or £1,700 × £75—£1,925 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Allowance for up to 3 children, £50 p.a. per child resident in Nigeria, £100 p.a. per child resident elsewhere. Part furnished accommodation at rent not exceeding 7.7% of salary. Passages for appointee, wife and up to 3 children under 11 years on appointment, overseas leave and termination. F.S.S.U. Outfit allowance £60. Detailed applications (10 copies) naming 3 referees by March 22, 1957, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SOUTH Eastern District, W.E.A. Applications are invited from persons with qualifications in history or the social sciences for the post of tutor-organiser in Kent. Salary scale £550-£1,000. Commencing salary within this scale will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and appl. form from: W.E.A., 6 New Road, Chatham. Closing date March 16.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Education Committee. Appointment of Warden of Impington Village College (vacant from September 1, 1957). Applications are invited from well-qualified graduates for the post of Warden of Impington Village College, the present Warden having been appointed Headmaster of the King's School, Bruton, Somerset. The College contains a Secondary Modern School (at present with a Grammar School Stream); Group IX, with 650 boys and girls on roll. The Cambridgeshire Village Colleges can briefly be described as Community Centres containing Secondary Modern Schools, and accommodation reserved and furnished for the sole use of young people and adults of the groups of villages they serve. The Warden is the Head of the School and has general oversight of the programme of Further Education in the area served by the College. He is assisted in this latter work by an organising Tutor for Further Education and an Assistant Tutor/Area Youth Leader. His salary is in accordance with the Burnham Scale for teachers in Secondary Schools, plus £200 a year for the supervision of Further Education (recognised for superannuation by the Ministry of Education). A house is available at a reasonable rent. Forms of application (and statement of particulars) can be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge, to whom they should be returned by March 16, 1957. Candidates who have already applied for any of the recently advertised Wardens' posts at Sawston, Soham and Swavesey Village Colleges need not complete a separate application form for this post. They should inform the Chief Education Officer that they wish to be considered and should indicate their order of preference for the posts in which they are interested. G. D. Edwards, Chief Education Officer.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wilts. Applications are invited for the post of Catering Superintendent, vacant on April 1, 1957 Salary £574 to £635 10s p.a. (A deduction of £104 p.a. will be made in respect of board residence.) Application forms and further particulars from the Principal.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE, Rendcomb College, near Cirencester. A resident master is required in September to teach Latin, mainly to O level, with some English. Small classes. A man with public or grammar school experience is preferred but applicants with good preparatory school experience, or without experience, will also be considered. Ability to help with cricket or hockey would be an advantage. Opportunity for House tutorship. Full Burnham Scale with certain resident additions. This post also carries a substantial special allowance for a suitably qualified or experienced man. Govt. pension scheme. Apply Headmaster.

SH/Typist for general office work reqd., 5-day week. Union of Democratic Control, 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. VIC. 4962.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, Near Warrington, Lancs. Residential Special School for 52 maladjusted boys (Ministry of Education No. 405/7000). Applications are invited for the following posts: (1) Teacher (result of promotion). Burnham Scale plus two increments for Special School. Full residential emoluments in return for supervision duties (approx. 15 hours weekly). Accommodation in the school for single person or married couple without children. (2) Assistant Matron. Resident. Could be joint post with the above. Recognised Salary Scale according to qualifications and experience. For further details and application forms for the above posts, apply to the Headmaster.

HOUSEMOTHER, with previous experience or training, required to take charge from April onwards, of a Home at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, for 15 boys and girls. Salary £404 × £15—£465, less £115 for emoluments plus £15 for certificate. Two resident assistants employed and daily helpers. Write Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

LEADING Film Company requires highly efficient, hardworking and talented assistant press representative. This is not primarily a "contact" job but rather a position demanding real ability to write varied copy at top speed, handle press relations and supervise routine operations of a very busy office. Salary according to experience and progress. Apply Box 903.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE John Lewis Partnership invites applications from women between the ages of twenty-five to forty and willing to work in any part of the country for training for management posts in the retail trade. Pay during training not less than £500 a year with minimum of £600 a year after twelve months and considerable scope for further advancement. Women with a real interest in shopkeeping should apply giving full particulars including education and career to the present time to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, W.1, within two weeks of the date of this advertisement. Applics. will not be acknowledged before March 25.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the London Family Welfare Association for the post of Consultant-Supervisor to work with members of the F.W.A. staff. Candidates should hold a degree or diploma in Social Studies and should be between the ages of 38-45, and should themselves have had personal experience in supervision, and in family case work. Salary will range from £750-£1,000 according to experience. The post is superannuable. Application should be made in writing in first place to Organising Secy., F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

VALUABLE work (Mon.-Fri.) & salary offered vegetarian lady by Nature Cure Clinic as Assistant Almoner. Some book-keeping and typing. Vocation counts above exper. 13 Oldbury Place, W.1. WEL. 2787.

If you rarely go to the pictures . . .

then one of your rare visits is due now, to see 'The Great Man'.

This film, which has had remarkable praise from the more critical critics, is for the selective palate. People who recognise the difference between a book, a wine or a painting of importance—and those which are mediocre—will recognize 'The Great Man' as an important film.

The critics of the following newspapers said this about 'The Great Man':—

"Brilliant . . . mordantly witty, superbly acted and utterly compelling . . . honest, uncompromising and as sharp as a razor" (London Evening Standard)

"Brilliantly written . . . splendid acting . . . magnificent entertainment" (The London Evening News)

"Brilliant, witty and as astringent as a slice of lemon . . . a triumph for José Ferrer" (The London Star)

"See it . . ." (Daily Telegraph)

They are right. It is brilliant . . . see

JOSÉ FERRER

in

'The GREAT MAN' (A)

In the same programme, Mark Hellinger's famous production of Ernest Hemingway's

'THE KILLERS' (A)

GENERAL RELEASE HAS JUST BEGUN

Showing in Principal Cities and Towns from March 4

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY to Director wanted. Graduate with publishing experience pref. Apply Sec., New Statesman, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

SCIENTIFIC Publishers London have a full-time editorial vacancy for a man or woman with a degree in chemistry or its equivalent. Some experience of editorial work would be an advantage. Pension Scheme. Apply giving full particulars and salary range expected to Box 730.

SMITHS Aircraft Instruments, Ltd., Bishops Cleeve, near Cheltenham, require an Education and Training Officer to organise and control all aspects of training within the Aviation Division. A man with personality, drive and high qualities of leadership, together with a first-class record in the Services, Industry or an Educational capacity is required. A University Degree and a strong interest in Aviation are desirable attributes. The age limit for application against this particular advt. is 35-45 yrs. Write: Divisional Personnel Manager, quoting 2/ATC/20.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind shortly requires Copy Typist for interesting work in Education Department. Age 20-25. Must be well educated and have good typing speed. Progressive salary with luncheon vouchers. 9 to 5.30. No Sats. Write Write or 'phone Staff Sec., 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUSton 5251.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind shortly requires shorthand typist with some previous experience. Age 20-25. Good chance of promotion. Progressive salary with luncheon vouchers. 9-5.30. No Sats. Write or 'phone Staff Sec., 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1. EUSton 5251.

BI-LINGUAL French/English Private Secretaries required for old-established merchant organisation overseas. English and French shorthand essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contracts of 2 years' service, followed by 3 months' leave, free passage home. Write with full particulars. Box 699.

INTELLIGENT married woman required as personal assistant to Secretary of large welfare organisation. Experience of office routine and typing essential, shorthand an advantage. Salary £416 per annum. Office hours 9-5.30 p.m. No. Sats. Apply in writing by March 15 to Sec., N. Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre, 12 Telford Rd., W.10.

SHORTHAND/Typist required to assist medical staff. Salary £222 p.a. age 17 rising to £515 p.a. plus London Weighting. Apply Assistant Secretary, Marlborough Day Hospital, 38 Marlborough Place, N.W.8.

SHORTHAND Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £8 14s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternatie Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 756.

SEC. reqd.; British; French sh./hand.; by Internat. organisation to work in Paris; sympathetic European Unity pref. Apply European Youth Campaign, 57 Dean St., W.1.

EMPLOYERS seeking able office staff, m. or f., are invited to consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

SHT./Typists for interesting work, weekly or by hour or day. GER. 0163.

SOCIAL worker (37) with girl (3½) on overspill estate seeks housekeeper immediately. Dow, 3 Milton Road, Yate, Bristol.

MAINTENANCE Handyman (single) required at small Residential school for difficult children. Preferably one willing and able to share in general life of school. £235 p.a. plus board and lodging. Four weeks' holiday. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

WORK in Switzerland! General domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excellent conditions and high salary to serious workers. Call or write Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., London, W.1. (GER. 9911.)

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GOOD Representative (based Exeter) offers service to gd. firm/organisation. Box 636.

YOUNG man, 21, finishing National Service this month. Interested in literature and the arts; anthropology; social and international problems (especially Far East). Would welcome secretarial work with writer, or similar job requiring research and documentation. Can type. Box 710.

FREE Lance music critic and writer. Considerable exper., aged 42, seeks any post offering future prospects. Box 783.

SECRETARY by day needs evening and weekend work; anything. Box 793.

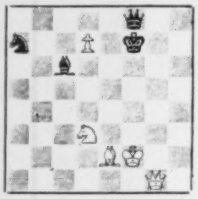
ALTHOUGH having a wide experience of Export and Shipping, a man 37, finds that having once had T.B. he is frustrated by employers who disbelieve he is capable of a worthwhile job. Is there anyone willing to convince him otherwise? To this end & the income he hopes to receive he is willing to do this work or alternatives. Lond. Box 785.

PROLE, 25, f., sks. job doubleplusgood interest/salary. London. Box 789.

The Chess Board

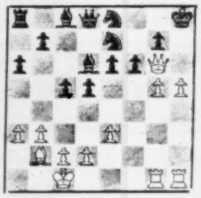
No. 381. Fiat Justitia

To yield to no one and nothing in the fanatical zeal that right be done—such is the inviolable rule of study composers. They are loath to see a pretty piece spoiled and they will take infinite pains to cure it, but if it is incurable they will kill it rather than suffer the slightest blemish. Such is their high principle and their stern law, and their High Priest and Lord Chief Justice is André Chéron, indubitably the greatest contemporary endgame expert. For many a year, in the splendid isolation of his mountain retreat, he has been dedicated to his monumental work on endings, and when he voices misgivings about one of the world's most famous endgame studies it behooves us to listen. Here it is, Seletsky's most celebrated piece, a 1st prize-winner in the most exalted Soviet competition, reprinted and praised all over the world. When it appeared in this column a couple of years ago we were all suitably impressed and particularly delighted by the author's main variation: (1) Q-Kt5, K-K3 ch; (2) K-Kt1, K x P; (3) Kt-B5 ch, K-B1; (4) B-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (5) Q-Kt3 ch, K-R1; (6) B-Kt7 ch, B x B; (7) Kt-Q7, Q-Q1; (8) Q-QKt8 ch, Q x Q; (9) Kt-Kt6 mate. Very pretty indeed, the more so as various sub-variations, such as (1) . . . B x P; (2) Kt-B4, are adequately dealt with: all except the one now queried by Chéron. (3) . . . K-Q3; (4) Q-Kt3 ch, K-Q4; (5) B-B4 ch, K x B; (6) Q-Kt3 ch; which is as far as the author takes it, taking the win for granted after . . . . K x Kt; (7) Q-QR3 ch, K-Kt3; (8) Q x Q, K-Kt2. But is it a win? Chéron is not so sure and reminds us of a famous study by Max Karstedt which, what with the White King's inability to approach, remains a draw. /4K1k1/6b1/8/4kt2Q/32/. The corresponding position to be aimed at by Black in the Seletsky study would be Kb8, Bb7, Ktd5. But can it be forced? Owing to the remoteness of the White King Chéron considers it not unlikely, but by no means certain. To make sure requires considerable analysis for which Chéron cannot find the time; and since Seletsky has failed to respond to exhortations the matter has been passed to our renowned solvers. A great honour of which, I trust, we shall prove worthy. What matters is either to save or kill that lovely study by either disproving or proving that Black can force that draw. Whoever achieves it will earn imperishable glory, to say nothing of a guinea and a suitably inscribed copy of a book of mine.

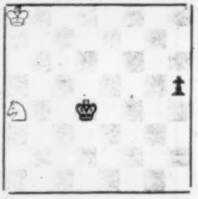


The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced a pretty finish. **B**, a draw, and **C**, a win are not too difficult, I hope, for 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by March 11.

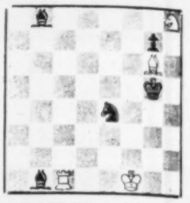
A: H. Zuckertort 1874



B: André Chéron 1926



C: A. S. Seletsky 1931



REPORT on No. 377. Set February 2

A: *Key:* R-K6, *not* O-O-O, since 4 captures required to reach Black P-position; the 2nd black sq. B cannot have been promoted at c1 or g1 (via h2) because 2 further captures would be involved, an impossibility since White still has 11 men. Hence, promotion occured at e1 or g1 (via f2), involving a move of the White K.

B: (1) Kt-B8 ch, K-Kt1; (2) B x B, K x B (best); (3) Kt-Kt6 ch!, P x Kt (best); (4) K-Kt3, K-Kt2; (5) K-B4, K-B2; (6) K-Q5, K-K2; (7) K-K5, K-B2; (8) K-Q6, etc.

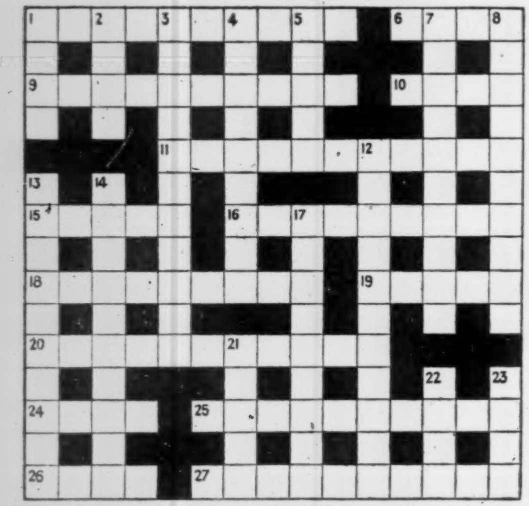
C: (1) Q-KB5, R-B8; (2) B-Kt6 ch, K-Kt2; (3) Q-B7 ch, K-R3; (4) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4; (5) Q-R5 ch!, K-B3; (6) K-Kt2!!, R x R; (7) Q-B5 ch, K-Kt2; (8) Q-B7 ch, K-R3; (9) Q-R7 ch, K-Kt4; (10) P-R4 ch, K-B3; (11) Q-B7 ch, K-K4; (12) Q x B ch, K-Q5; (13) Q x RP ch, etc.
if (6) . . . R-B4; (7) R-B1 ch, K-K3; (8) Q-Kt4 ch, K-Q3; (9) R-Q1 ch, R-Q4 (best); (10) R x R ch, K x R; (11) Q-Q7 ch, B-Q3; (12) B-B7 ch, K-K5; (13) Q-K6 ch, B-K4; (14) B-Kt6 ch and "echo mate." Temptation: (5) P-R4 ch?, K-Kt5; (6) B-R5 ch, K x P; (7) R x R, Q-R6 ch! (Q x R?); (8) K-Kt1, B-B4 ch!; (9) R x B, Q-Kt7 ch!!, etc.

Some stumped by **B**, more by **C**. Prizes: A. J. Roycroft, J. D. Taylor.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 240

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 240, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Mar. 12.



ACROSS

1. The town is to split the country (10).
6. A mistake for the cricketer (4).
9. Proselytism starts on behalf of the heathen (10).
10. "He is become a thing, a ———, a Jesuit" (Kingsley) (4).
11. I am followed by a dissipated baritone in drunkenness (11).
15. Turkish town in which one can lead an active life (5).
16. Work with newspapers or a tyrant (9).
18. The start of a nursery rhyme appears to be an invitation to swindle (9).
19. Theatre which makes me act backwards with universal interruption (5).
20. Show the time in which the monster is transmogrified (11).
24. Teams following a centre line (4).
25. Peer and curate reform and regain health (10).
26. Ancient city in the southern states? (4).
27. Place where mice hide in the ground (10).

DOWN

1. Undermines climbing resorts (4).
2. Kind of play on time (4).
3. Test for what used to be a friendly people? (11).
4. Means of tenure when there are holes broken in the roofing (9).
5. Bottom drain perhaps (5).
7. Merton lies in ruins here (10).
8. Level, for example, as a friend in a station (10).
12. Scientific instruments registering a variety of meteor names (11).
13. Buildings Hardcastle altered (10).
14. Dismal days transformed for servants (10).
17. Put a thousand in the aperture perhaps too early (9).
21. "Thy — are like a flock of sheep" (*The Bible*) (5).
22. Prohibition tag on a Conservative (4).
23. Exactly that inventor (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 238

C	A	R	A	P	A	C	E	■	S	T	A	M	E	N
I	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	O
C	O	M	M	O	D	U	S	■	F	A	N	T	A	N
E	■	A	■	H	■	N	■	■	■	C	■	I	■	S
R	A	R	E	B	I	T	■	R	E	T	I	N	U	E
O	■	K	■	A	■	E	■	O	■	O	■	E	■	N
■	■	■	■	H	A	R	D	W	O	R	K	E	R	S
S	■	D	■	■	■	P	■	T	■	■	■	S	■	E
T	R	I	C	E	R	A	T	O	P	S	■	■	■	■
A	■	A	■	A	■	R	■	N	■	C	■	S	■	S
C	A	B	A	R	E	T	■	H	E	R	E	T	I	C
C	■	E	■	A	■	■	■	O	■	A	■	R	■	A
A	T	T	I	C	A	■	S	U	P	P	L	A	N	T
T	■	E	■	H	■	■	■	S	■	E	■	T	■	H
O	Y	S	T	E	R	■	T	E	E	S	D	A	L	E

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 238

C. Gillon (Jerusalem), K. Redpath (Jordans), R. Willens (Watford).

WHERE TO STAY

KESWICK. Visit Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads. Beaut. scenery, gd. food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

ALWAYS stay at an Ashley Courtenay recommended Hotel. The 1957 edition of "Let's Halt Awhile," his reliable guide to some 700 Hotels and Inns, now available 9s. 6d. from your bookshop or from Ashley Courtenay, Ltd., 68 (N) St. James's Street, London, S.W.1.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

ROTTINGDEAN. Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere and full cent. heating. Fr. 7½gns. Broch. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure, Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

INEXPENSIVE family holiday at Westbrook House, Teignmouth, S. Devon. A do-as-you-please holiday. Do what you like when you like. Gd. ckg. facs. On main bus routes. Children welc. Plath, Westbrook House.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Close Station. Everything home-made. From 6gns.

C'WLL. Clifton Hse., Port Isaac. Best position views, bathing, coaches. Lounge, dining rm. o'lkg. bay. Recommended. Tel. 291

WHERE TO STAY—continued

OAKHURST, The Ridge, Hastings, welcomes block bookings reduced rates. Central heating, excellent food, entertainment facilities. Write or 'phone Hastings 515411.

CORNWALL (South), the most southerly Hotel in the British Isles. Licensed. Good food and comfort. Own grounds to cliff edge, wonderful sea views. Brochure, Housel Bay Hotel, The Lizard ('Phone 217).

SNOWDONIA. Beautifully situated guest house. Walking, climbing, fishing. ¾ hr. bus to sea bathing. Good food, hot baths, homely atmosphere. Low tariff. Chapman, Sygun Fawr, Beddgelert, N. Wales.

CORNWALL. 2 miles superb beach. Large guest house, children welcome. Write "Ye Olde Vicarage," St. Hilary, nr. Penzance.

HASTINGS: Book with confidence at "Combermere Guest House" which has a high reputation for excellent cuisine, a liberal table, comfort & cleanliness. Incl. terms 4½ to 6½gns., according to period. Easter £1 p.d. Brochure: Eastman, 5 Combermere Rd., St. Leonards. Hastings 6632.

C'WALL. Cliffside, Port Isaac. Tel. 285. Homely guesthse., facing sea, farm prod. nr. coach tours depot. Gd. food 5-7gns.

FARMHOUSE, old but with mod. cons., near Lincoln. Morning tea or orange juice incl. for 7 gns. a week. Less for families. Mid-May to September. Box 565.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL, overlkg. Michael's Mount, grnd.-flr. rooms (h. & c.), sunny lounge, full board. Near sea. S/c flat—studio flat later (Aug. excepted). S.a.e. Box 528.

LONDON visitors should stay at 98 Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington, W.8. Superior house, very central. Bed, breakfast, double 27s., single 14s. 6d. BAY. 5985.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr. Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

MULLION, Cornwall, Mounts Bay Hotel, offers every comfort. H. & c. in all rooms, excellent cuisine. Cocktail bar. Write for brochure.

BARMOUTH. Wales. Marine Mansion Private Hotel at sea's edge. A.A. & R.A.C. Miles of sands, lovely inland walks. 9 to 12gns. Broch. from N. S. Jackson.

SIMON the Pieman Tearooms, Lion Street, Rye, receive a few guests. Rye 2207.

YOU have a treble chance of getting fit and enjoying yourself in lovely Chagford. Run, bowl or pitch—we mean walk (on your own flat feet) ride (on a local pony) or thumb (a bus). Sec. Chagford Hotels Assoc., Devon.

NEWPORT, Pembrokeshire. Sea, country & mountains. Ideal. Special terms May & June. Prendergast House.

SUNNY Mediterranean, Bandol; bed, breakfast, 5gns wkly. London correspondent, 28 Park Ave., Bushill Park, Enfield.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

FOR Springtime holidays in unspoilt rural Essex (27 miles London), Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) offers ideal accommodation.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal Hotel. Beautiful, quiet sit. above sandy beach. Mod. comforts, first-class cuisine. Casino, dancing. Red. rates to June 30 and after Sept. 10. Illustrated broch.: Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

COTE d'Azur. Sea, sun, excl. cuisine. Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var.

PARIS for Easter. Stay at Hotel de Bordeaux, Latin Quarter. English spoken. C.h. Bath, h. & c. Recently modernised. 28 rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, Paris V. Metro: Maubert-Mutualité.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food mod. terms. Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

CAPRI. An Italian family in the mountain village of Anacapri provide the best local wine, best local food and a very inexpensive pension in an inn with magnificent views of the island, only 10 mins. by bus down to the Piazza of Capri. Among those who recommend the inn are Mr. Peter Glenville, Mr. Graham Greene, and Mr. Cavalcanti. Address: Aniello Mariniello, Osteria-Locanda Aniello, Anacapri, Capri.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

PERSONAL

TO let: room suitable for office or workroom, W.1. 37s. 6d. p. week. Box 841.

WOULD someone interested books/arts/gardening, share expenses comf. small house, glorious surroundings? Separate quarters if prefd. Small studio avail. Box 768.

GERMAN boy, 13, would like to stay 6 weeks from Aug. 1 as paying guest where there is son about same age. Box 741.

MODERN, practically new household furniture and appliances for sale. Phone SWIss Cottage 2555, weekends only.

GIRL, 29, interested music, art, seeks similar, view to securing furnished flat. Box 790.

SPAIN: furnished house to let annually, summer or weekly. Box 724.

YOUNG man with universal outlook would like contact enthusiast (m.) to see something of central Italy, Maggio Musicale, etc., in early June. Box 812.

PROFESSOR of Music (U.S.A.) available during summer 1957 for single lecture or series on American Contemporary Music for specialist & lay audiences. Box 425.

REQD. by person of some property & exp.: another with time & talents to combine in purchases &/or conversions. Box 337.

PORTRAIT Painting taught. Studio Circle, 5 Frognal, N.W.3. Enqs.: HAM. 3078.

HOLIDAY compn. (m) reqd. by bach., 32. Italian lakes/other suggns. Box 675.

BACH., 35, cult. ints., sks. companion (m) holidays, etc. Share exps. Box 717.

CANADIAN N.S. reader, intending European honeymoon, requires use of car for month of June at reasonable cost. Box 722.

VENICE. Young man sks. un-ordinary but reas. accom. 2 wks. July. Box 774.

RUSSIAN and French Linguaphones, little used, £7 each. PRI. 9010 or Box 777.

VIOLIN, Viola, cello required. Particulars to Collector; 10 Blake Road, E. Croydon, Surrey. Tel. Croydon 6932.

ARABIC lessons required by Israeli (f.), not beginner. Please write Box 817.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni, or your fees refunded. Phone WEL. 1185 or WEL. 4221.

BRAZIERS, Ipsden, Oxon.: send a card for Easter and Summer lists of Living Research Groups and Holiday Courses.

CULTURED accent; correct speech. 4 pte. lessons, 2gns. Free trial. Box 705.

IDEAS, opinions, crotchets. Air them 8 p.m. Thursdays. Mid-Century Club, Leighton House, Kensington. Enq. FUL. 3128.

HANDWRITING and Character. Explanatory outline sent free. Box 749.

DON'T have a coming-out ball this season. Have a staying-in party, with a few bottles of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. You'll never want to leave home.

JOHN Hassell Recordings. Personal service. Priv. studio. Tape to disc. Outside functions. Weddings, dramatics. 78, 45, 33⅓ r.p.m. 21 Nassau Rd., S.W.13. RIV. 7150.

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

SPEECHES written, dinners, weddings, &c. Bainbridge, 5 Stanlake Villas, W.12.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send to-day for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond Street, W.1.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Repkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

ECONOMIC Wines—big value in big bottles! Excellent Bordeaux Rouge, Rosé, Blanc, 91s. per dozen, extra large bottles, carr. paid (equals 6s. 2d. usual size!) Trial three 23s. 6d. Lists. Vault 4, Peter Dominic, Ltd., Wine Shippers, Horsham.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset. "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

FOREIGN educated girls seek posts in London families. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

IDO—up-to-date internat. language for all. Corres. course 4s. 6d. Internat. Language Soc., 25 Oakwood Drive, Leeds 8.

EYESIGHT improved without Glasses. If you have defective vision a qualified Bates Practitioner can help you. Miss Evelyn Sage, 76 Twyford Ave., London, N.2. TUD. 4776.

PERSONAL—continued

SEE Yugoslavia (Opatija, Lovran, Rab, Bled, Dubrovnik) 14-day holiday by rail from 27gns., by air from 49gns. Combined rail and boat cruise (Opatija, Split, Dubrovnik, Sarajevo, Zagreb) 47gns. 15-day holiday along Dalmatian Coast (Venice, Dubrovnik), by rail 48gns., by air 62gns. 17-day grand coach tour Yugoslavia (Ljubljana, Banja Luka, Sarajevo, Dubrovnik, Opatija), 54 gns. Send for free brochures to Dept. NS., See Yugoslavia, Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. 287 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

MOSCOW this summer! Yes, you can choose from 7 exciting trips to the Soviet Union this year, from Leningrad in the North to the wonderful "new Riviera" in the Crimea. Send 2d. stamp for free illustrated brochure. Londoners are invited to a free film show of colour films on Soviet holidays on Tuesday March 5, from 6-7.30 p.m. Admission by ticket from Dept. N. Progressive Tours, Ltd., 100a Rochester Row, London, S.W.1. Telephone: TATe 2152-3.

EASTER and Summer Holidays: our original and inexpensive arrangements appeal to professional people who appreciate good value and interesting company. They include ski-ing parties in Alpine sunshine, Easter parties in Paris, Amsterdam, the South of France, Italy, Sicily, and a variety of house parties and other Easter and Summer arrangements in Britain. Details from Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7 KEN. 0911.

TEENAGE holidays. Easter and Summer Drama Schools, Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, and Studio Theatre, Kensington, London. 7, 8 or 10 days (one Evening School), £4 4s. to £7 7s. Director: Marian Naylor. Interesting and stimulating courses. Professional stage staff. Syllabuses from Registrar: Mrs. L. Sansom, 6 The Keir, Westside, Wimbledon Common, S.W.19.

HOLIDAYS, full of interest and enjoyment at extremely economical prices: April 18: Florence & Venice, from £37 10s. June 7: Amsterdam, £22. July 28: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Aug. 4: Innsbruck, with motor coach through Dolomites to Venice, from £35 15s. Aug. 11, 18 and 25: Bernese Oberland and/or Lake Lucerne, from £34. Aug. 18, Florence, Ravenna and Venice, £40. Aug. 25: Rome, Naples, Florence, from £36 5s. Milan, the Dolomites, Venice, from £39 10s. Centre holidays in Switzerland, Italy, Bavaria & Austria. Tours in Jugo-Slavia, Norway and Austria. Write to E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

GRANADA, Spain. Fiestas and Fun, Siestas and Sun. Spanish language courses in June, July, August. The finest holiday at amazingly low all-in cost. Details from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

UNDERWATER Exploration. Spend a perfect holiday at one of the French Club Mediterranée's centres for underwater exploration in Italy and Greece. Instruction and all equipment provided free. Travel by flying boat or special train. Travel Counsellors, Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8 (entrance in Wrights Lane). WES. 1517.

TWO painting holidays conducted by Reginald Grimshaw, A.R.C.A., A.T.D., Maderno, Lake Garda, April 12-28, £38 12s. 6d. Calaratjada, Majorca, August 18 to Sept. 7, £48 18s. 6d. Early booking essential. Details from the Wayfarers Travel Agency, Ltd., 20 Russell Square, London, W.C.1. Tel. LANgham 8222.

CONTINENTAL holidays by air, coach or rail, not mass-produced but with individual attention to both travel and hotels. Before you decide, see our booklet covering all European countries. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 4114/5.

AIR Holidays. Spanish coast—a fortnight at Castro Urdiales, our 1957 discovery, including air London/Bilbao return—39½gns. Austrian Tyrol by air—inclusive fortnight for 36½gns. Yugoslav Adriatic by air and coach—inclusive fortnight, 45gns. Also Salzburg Lake District, Italian Riviera, Switzerland. Details from Wings, Limited, 48(B) Park Road, Baker Street, N.W.1. Tel. AMB. 1001.

CRUISING on canals. Comfortable 2/6-berth cruisers. 100 miles of canals and rivers to explore. Send 6d for brochure. Canal Cruising Co., Ltd., (N), Stone, Staffs.

ESMITOURS offers a variety of personally conducted tours from 38/68gns. to Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia & Southern Spain. Write 50 Northey Ave., Cheam, Sy.

1957 Summer Holidays off the beaten track. Walking tours in all parts of the Alps and in Scandinavia. Also unconventional sightseeing tours. Write to R.A. Services, Ltd., 48(B) Park Road, N.W.1. AMB. 1001.

AIR tours: Easter in Rome, 11 days £39 10s. Vienna-Salzburg, July 22-Aug. 5; Majorca, July 13-28 & Sep. 7-22, £45; good hotels. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

NEW Vistas—1957 by Rail and/or Air. Escorted travel—independent holiday. Spain, Andorra, Portugal, Tangiers, Malta, Maderia, Norway, etc. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

CANOE Cruises—Wye—Why not? Lawrence, Willian Way, Letchworth, Herts.

PERSONAL—continued

SWITZERLAND. 14-day inclusive holidays from 24 gns. By the shortest route and over 50 magnificent resorts to choose from. Travel "Free Lance" or join our special "house-party" holidays. Also to the delightful Principality of Liechtenstein. Illustrated booklets free on request. Dept. N.S.3, Swiss Travel Service, Limited, 69 Ebury Street, London, S.W.1. (SLOane 7111).

ALLWAYS offers ten-day holidays from £23 19s. 6d. and a wide selection of independent and escorted tours, at all prices. Illus. Booklet free. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave, London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7

HORSE-drawn canal cruises, Oxford-Llangollen. 6gns. wkly. S.a.e. Box 351.

BALTIC Cruises with 6-10 days in U.S.S.R.: Aug. & Sept. from £75 incl. Specialist tours: educational, medical or ballet interest. Priority to S.C.R. members. Write only (s.a.e.) to Secretary, S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, for particulars; specify interest.

POLAND, Portugal, Turkey. Send stamp (2½d) H. F. S., 48 Dalston Lane, E.8.

COSTA Brava. Write to me for good accommodation in private houses. Gibson, Clarendon Cottage, Park Town, Oxford. S.a.e. please.

T.V. snacks and cocktail canapes are delicious with Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

FINEST Devon (pure) honey. 4lb. 17s. 6d. Also clotted cream and real farm butter. "Ashe," Churston Ferrers, Brixham 11.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

IN cases of Nervous Exhaustion try Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating therapy, invigorating and stimulating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

P.S. The happiest days of your life? Very likely, if they are "Summer School-days Abroad" as arranged by Harold Ingham in Austria, Greece, Italy, Spain, Switzerland or Yugoslavia. Programme from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON., Professional people seeking a well-appointed room with meals, close West End should call at Park House, 143 Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

LONDON Accommodation Bureau with approx. 150 apartments available at all times, offers you sgle. b/s. rms. from 25s. to luxury flats at 10gns. in all districts. GER. 9050

PROF. cpl., 3 schlchildn., offer accom. to couple in exch. housekeeping duties. Suit student's wife. Coloured welc. Box 678.

FURNISHED flat: 2 rooms, bathroom, kitchen, telephone, all electric, 8gns. per week. Situated N.W.8. Box 862.

25, f., reas. unselfish and tolerant, wants similar to share her flat. Box 792.

N.W.2, Nr. Farm Ave. Newly converted and decorated, well-furnished, large, sunny divan rooms with central heating, cooking facs. and service. Garage. Suit bus. man. Rent from 3½gns. HAM. 5596.

HIGHBURY, 1 single, two double rooms, men only, no service, share bath, phone, separate kitchen, 35s. CANonbury 2609.

CHARMING flatlets in newly redecorated house, Wimbledon Park. H. & c., gas rings and tenants' kitchen. Refs. HIL. 1667.

HOLLAND Park. Lge. b/s, use kit. & bath. 3 gns. p.w. inclusive. Box 799.

BUSINESS girl wishes to share Putney flat. Own room, share k. & b. Box 860.

LARGE furn. double bed-sit. leading own kitchen. Gardens outlook. Very quiet, sunny. 1st floor. Coin 'phone. Select road. Middle-aged couple preferred. 4½gns. per week. Monk, HAM. 4007, 10.30-11.

SUNNY double bed-sit. room with divans, own dining-kit., bath, w.c. Central heating. 5gns. GLA. 7563.

B/S. Architect's house, attractive modern furnishing. Use kitchen/bath. Constant hot water. Close bus/tube. TUD. 9076.

MALE offers share of large Highgate Village furn. flat; 2 bathrooms; domestic serv. Reas. FITzroy 0670 after 7 p.m.

SWISS Cottage. Lge. b/s. for one. Kit., b., piano. Priv. hse. PRI. 5947 morns.

B/S. rm. available now in flat with 1 other woman. TUD. 6510 Mon./Tues. evg.

SHARE N.W. flat offd. woman 25-30, interested Arts. Own rm. 38s. p.w. Box 829.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

S/C. furn. flat, Golders Grn., offered to 1 or 2 educated ladies, 2 rooms, bathroom, w.c., ckg. facs. 4½gns. Garage 1gn. optional. References essential. Box 585.

EXCHANGE West London, quiet, 4 rooms, furn./unfurn., gard., offered for similar accom., Paris. Box 769.

CHALET situated secluded priv. gdn. All electric, brick/tiled built, 4 bunks. Views sea, moors, R. Teign. Vac. Easter to July 27; Aug. 3-10 & Sept. 7 on. Ensor-Capon, Metherell, Shaldon, nr. Teignmouth, Devon.

CARAVAN, charm. site Alfriston, Sussex. Already bkd. July 27-Sept. 7. Box 620.

FISHERMAN'S cottage, Dorset, until July, 2-4gns. p.w. Oil/gas/tap. Box 709.

PORTHCAWL, superb Coast, golf. Roomy s/c. accom. o'lkg. lawn, prom. & bay, Newest equipt. Mid Cardiff/Swansea. Box 672.

YNG. Dr.'s widow (no childr.) urg. needs small unfurn. flat in London. Box 681.

CIVIL Servant (28), male, seeks comfortable accommodation and all meals (except weekday lunches) with congenial family (e.g. N. S. & N. readers/bridge players). Kensington, Chelsea or similar central area preferred. Details & terms to Box 816.

LADY Civil Servant (early 30's), girl 12, seeks small unfurn. flat or reqs. another to share furn. flat available Wandsworth Common 1 month's time. Box 764.

LADY requires London end April, 1- or 2-roomed unfurn. flat, kit. & bathroom. Willing decorate. Quiet tenant. Box 734.

LOOKING for reasonable-minded person can let unfurnished flat to similar couple, good tenants, with nice modern furniture. Urgently wanted, N. London area. Box 736.

YOUNG professional couple seek self-contained furn. flat middle Apr.-middle Aug. Up to 6½gns. AMB. 1280 ext. 18 (daytime).

WANTED: flat or bed-sit. for teacher (male), Harrow/Wembley/Neasden area. Garage if possible. Ring ARN. 5666.

NEW Zealand, Australian tourists require furnished accommodation for 6 months & 1 year lets. Must be easy reach London main line stations. L. A. B., GER. 9050.

STUDENT (American) requires quiet, comfortable room in good house, central heatg. preferred. Breakfast & dinner or 'frig & cooking facilities. Platt's Lane/Finchley Road area, or near Belsize Park/Hampstead tubes; but other offers considered. Box 805.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

IRELAND. Connemara. Cottage to let fully furn. except 1st 2 weeks July & Aug. Main water, elec. Sleep 5. Central, fishing, safe beach, magnificent scenery, pleasant, peaceful. Also part farmhouse, similar accom., sleep 5. Not Aug. Box 602.

WITHIN Vespering distance Alton, 1½ hrs. Lon. Secluded furnished house, 2½ bedrms., huge studio/living, k., b., mod. san. Central heating throughout, main elec. Ideal sybaritic retreat. 3½ gns. Box 634.

CIVIL servant urg. reqs. for 12 months unfurn./furn. house/lge. flat, Bromley/Beckenham district. de Paris. BEC. 3546.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc., Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 45 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 7558.

TYPING. MSS & Theses expertly typed. Specialists for obscure handwriting. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1 Tel. MUS. 7379.

FAULTLESS Typing for the discriminating writer. Highly recommended by famous authors. Novels, plays, poetry, etc. Editing by expd. writer. Dorothy Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

EXPERT Dupg/Typg. Theses, MSS, Plays. Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

AUTHORS' MSS; any length typed in 7 days (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Short stories, etc., by return. Typescripts carefully checked. Great emphasis laid on accuracy and attractive presentation. Overnight Service: Open until 9 p.m. and week-ends. Teledicta Service: Dictate letters, translations, memoranda, etc., over telephone—9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Four-hour Duplicating Service. Indexing, cataloguing, editing, proof-reading, Literary research, etc. Temporary Secretaries. Dictating Machine Services. Public/private meetings reported. Recording machines for hire. Translations from and into all languages. Secretarial Aunts, 32/34 Rupert St., W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 1564 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn.).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

DUPLICATING, Typing, Translations, Verbatim Reporting. Mubel Eyles, 395 Hornsey Rd., N.19 (ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701).